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TOTAL CAPITALISM

Louis Kelso: Nut or Newton?

Robert G. Sherrill

FORESTS

The Habit of Waste

Malcolm Margolin

TALKS WITH CHINA

The Military Saboteurs

Joseph C. Goulden

***Censorship* / Peter Michelson**

Frank J. Donner *on* The Fund For The Republic

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LETTERS

free Canada

Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sirs: Even though I am an American exile, not yet a Canadian citizen, I found Edward Cowan's "Canada in Search of Itself" [*The Nation*, Feb. 9] rather objectionable.

First of all, the *Toronto Star* is not "obsessed with Canadian nationalism." It has tried to make Canadians more aware of the concrete ways in which the United States tends to undermine Canadian independence and sovereignty. The assertion that Canada must rely on U.S. capital to maintain its present economic standard of living is a highly debatable point. And never in the almost three years that I have been living in Canada have I ever heard any Canadians say that "they believe[d] the Americans [had] a competence and drive that Canadians lack[ed]." . . .

It is offensive to see the present Trudeau government toadying before the government of the United States for fear of offending it and provoking some economic or political reprisal. The people of Canada would be much better served if they regained the economic and political independence which has been so sadly undermined in the last decade. . . .

Michael Jabara Carley

people zoos

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I feel that Peter Nabokov in his review of Deloria's *Custer Died for Your Sins* [*The Nation*, Jan. 26] raises some issues demanding reply. . . .

Deloria, he says, objects to reservations serving as "private zoos" for "anthros" who, according to Nabokov, run helter-skelter over the reservations every summer. . . . Anthropological inquiry does, to some extent, involve an invasion of privacy in most societies where it is pursued; an invasion of privacy in some ways analogous to that of the journalists' pursuit of information justified by the public's right to know, but ideally and, I believe, usually with much greater sympathy, respect and alignment with the values of fellow human beings. . . . Nabokov states, "There is something inhuman and suspect in this license to cultural voyeurism." He further states that social scientists "always" work on a "shaky moral plane" and feels Deloria's "all-out attack" to be a "profoundly just point." . . .

Certainly, ethical problems exist and have been debated at meetings of the American Anthropological Association, in the profession's journals and have been discussed and passed on to aspiring anthropologists in graduate departments. This is not to deny the problem, then, but merely to ask that . . . the goals of scientific inquiry into human social behavior not . . . be cavalierly treated as "inhuman and suspect" and anthropological "curiosity" labeled "cultural voyeurism." . . . Certainly, participant-observation method and the partial identification it involves is a kind of "cultural voyeurism" (without the implied titillation), and this is one of the rewards of anthropological work. However, to leave it at that is to distort the real intensity of sympathy, concern, respect and friendship that is often more characteristic of the anthropologist's relations with his hosts. . . .

Nabokov approvingly considers as a "reasonable scheme" Deloria's suggestion that anthropologists should donate to the tribe under study an amount equal to their project's cost. Is the only worth-while contribution that anthropologists make now to be measured in cynical cash reparations to the victims of observation? What has happened to discovering the truth about the human venture,

(Continued on page 244)

EDITORIALS

Political Trial, U.S. Style

Our children are taught that political trials are indigenous to totalitarian states, and wholly outside American tradition. But though they may be alien to the American way of life as defined in primers, this does not insure that they do not occur. Long before the current spectacle in Chicago, political trials took place in this country and were tolerated by a majority of citizens, who perhaps at no time have been passionately attached to the Bill of Rights. Under the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, which were unabashedly designed to destroy Thomas Jefferson's Republican party, prominent Jeffersonians, most of them journalists, were tried and in some cases convicted. The Haymarket trials of the 1880s were aimed at labor, under the guise of putting down anarchism. Sacco and Vanzetti were tried for armed robbery and murder on doubtful evidence, but as foreign-born anarchists they had to be put to death. More recently, Congressional investigations of alleged Communists were essentially political trials. From these examples alone it should be evident that our jurisprudence is not as far removed from that of the Soviet courts as we would like to believe.

Nevertheless the Chicago 7 trial was different from the more lethal of these exhibits. The jurors, maintaining their poise remarkably in the fury of the proceedings, absolved the defendants of the conspiracy which the government tried to establish. They also found five of the seven guilty of crossing state lines with individual *intent* to incite a riot, and then making incendiary speeches to that end. The law involved here is almost certainly unconstitutional, and can now be tested in higher courts—if indeed the whole case is not thrown out on narrower grounds.

But quite aside from the dubious nature of the charges brought against them, the defendants simply did not accept the validity of the law, the system, the court or the judge. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to conduct a trial in conformity with our legal traditions. Such trials are in themselves a form of violence and provoke counterviolence.

In both the Chicago trial and the Black Panther trial in New York, the discrepancy between American law and American practice has resulted in what amounts to a refusal on the part of the defendants—allegedly abetted by counsel—to be tried. Normally, there is a tacit agreement between court and defendant that enough common ground exists so that the latter is willing to behave with a measure of propriety. If the defendant is convinced that he is being railroaded, that the verdict will be not the result of the evidence adduced but of predetermined arrangement, he has nothing to lose by turning the proceedings into pandemonium. In borderline cases the behavior of the judge may be a factor: by show-

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ing a semblance of fairness, he may induce the defendant to be cooperative. But if this was ever possible in Chicago, the striking unsuitability of Judge Hoffman to preside in a trial of this sort precluded it. The initial error was in forcing Bobby Seale to go on trial without counsel of his choice.

When he was sentenced, Abbie Hoffman summed up the case for the defendants in Chicago with the utmost clarity: "When the decorum is repression," he said, "the only duty free men have is to speak out. We can't respond to authority we regard as illegitimate." Viewed in the large, the government's troubles have been fully deserved. The trial developed out of one kind of disaster—the Chicago Democratic Convention. It proceeded as a disaster and led to the final disaster, which is the damage it has done to the judicial process, the citizen's last line of defense against the usurpation of democratic rights.

More Words

Even among Presidents, Mr. Nixon is a man who takes unusual pleasure in the sound of his own words; one, moreover, convinced that their profusion will compensate for their lack of precision. Thus when he speaks he not only pours out a continuing stream of banalities—"We must master problems before they master us"; "Intelligent discussions and decisions at the highest level demand the fullest possible information"; "We can no longer . . . assume that the future will be a projection of the past"; the conflict between the Arabs and Israel "has serious elements of intractability"—but constantly interrupts himself to quote similar profundities uttered by him in the past. His foreign affairs message, delivered to Congress last week, prompts the notion that Mr. Nixon may hope to prevail by stultification.

Overall, the address was a model of the Nixon style, as analyzed by Lynn Hinds and Carolyn Smith in "The Rhetoric of Opposites" (*The Nation*, February 10). The Nixon Doctrine (so referred to frequently and with evident pride) is to encourage the other nations of the world to solve their own problems, *but* we shall intervene wherever and whenever our interests so dictate. The United States recognizes that peace is essential to the survival of the world, *but* we shall continue to arm ourselves against every threat we can foresee or imagine. "The Soviet Union and the United States have acquired the ability to inflict unacceptable damage on the other, no matter which strikes first," *but* an inescapable reality of the 1970s is that Russia may acquire strategic capability approaching, and in some aspects perhaps even exceeding our own.

When he was not posing these antitheses, the President was complimenting his Administration on the zeal with which it tackles its responsibilities. He outlined in great detail how problems are spotted, assigned for investigation, broken down into their elements and brought to him for decision. He gave sev-

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July, the first biweekly period in August and the last biweekly period in December) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION *Volume 210*
No. 8

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eral examples of the kind of questions that are thus raised; he left the answers to the inventive power of his listeners.

Indeed, he left a good deal to the imagination. He said, for example, that "Our friends in Asia have understood and welcomed our role in that continent," without revealing who those friends were. He said that in Vietnam "we seek a just settlement which all parties to the conflict, and all Americans, can support," but gave no hint as to the form that elusive agreement might take. The speech is as rich as a plum pudding with similar pieties unsupported by definition, and the White House watchers of the world will be issuing interpretations for months to come. Much good may it do them. What Mr. Nixon said, in essence, is that we shall carry on in the future as we have carried on in the past, but more quietly—with a "lower profile"—if the rest of the world will permit. Will it?

Death of Integration?

A time-honored, and very effective, way to combat a program, policy or law is to demonstrate its impracticability or unenforceability. And a parallel tactic is to implement a proposal or statute which one dislikes in such a way as to render it impractical or unenforceable. That is what Senator Stennis of Mississippi, with the assistance of Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut, has attempted to do to the federal laws on school integration. He has managed to get through the Senate a law which states that it shall be government "policy" to cut off federal funds from any schools in which there exists a state of *de facto* segregation. What is sauce for the goose, says the Senator from Mississippi with great glee, shall now be sauce for the gander—and the Senator from Connecticut, in what appears to be a moment of bemusement, agrees with him.

If this law finally gets on the books (it must still be cleared by the Senate-House conference committee and then be passed by the House itself), and if that word "policy" does not prove to be a very large loophole, it could put an end to the drive for integration that has now been going on for fifteen years. The country does not have, and has no prospect of getting, the resources to enforce integration in regions where schools are segregated, not by law, but because the communities are segregated. In the South, the federal government has been engaged in making its law prevail over local law; in the North, there is no conflict of law, but a serious discrepancy between its intent and its practice.

Mr. Stennis is out to embarrass his Northern colleagues into relaxing their integrationist pressure on the South, and in the present mood of Congress, for which the Administration is largely to blame, he may be successful for a time. House and Senate have pinned "freedom of choice" and anti-busing amendments to their education money bills. If these bills are passed, they may well be vetoed by the President on the ground that they are inflationary, and if they do become law their segregationist provisions will still be subject to interpretation by the courts. Nevertheless, the South is now waging its most bitter racist battle in recent years.

The imediate result, probably, will be to further inflame and divide the country, but in the long run civil rights is a movement that cannot be reversed. In a moment of understandable frustration, Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* deplores the "death of integration." The fact is that, no matter how long the South manages to delay the burial, it is Jim Crow who is dead.

Senator Stennis and his Dixie colleagues have won a skirmish, and it will cost the country, and particularly its blacks, some added pain. But if the public, and especially its legislators and courts, continue to insist that the law be enforced in the South, while working to bring social reality into agreement with the law's intent in the North, the trap set by the gentleman from Mississippi may snap on his own leg. The North should be conscience-stricken by the *de facto* situation in its cities; if it now becomes so, the ultimate beneficiary will be the Negro student, with whose future Mr. Stennis plays such astute political football.

Hats Off to NET

Every once in a while the "vast wasteland" of TV is suddenly illuminated by a beacon of artistic integrity and truth that makes us sadly aware of the enormous potential of the medium. New York's Channel 13 and National Educational Television should be congratulated for presenting such a one on February 16 (from 9 to 10 P.M.). Entitled "Who Invited US?," this brilliant film, written and produced by Emmy-winner Alan M. Levin, explores in a sophisticated but hard-hitting fashion a seldom touched problem: "the economic influences on U.S. foreign policy."

Besides doing an important job well, this film is significant because it shows the great power of television to make live and lively what is too often considered a "dull" subject. Moreover, it accomplishes this while tackling a long stretch of American history, rather than concentrating on a particularly vulnerable phase, such as the war in Vietnam. Using newspaper cartoons, paintings, popular songs and quotations from leaders—as well as movie and TV clips—all pulled together by an excellent narrative script—it lays bare the historical continuity of U.S. foreign policy for more than half a century, a foreign policy which basically has used the lofty covers of "freedom" and "self-determination" to obscure simple economic acquisitiveness.

For an earlier era the real motivation is made dramatically clear by a quotation from retired Marine Corps Gen. Smedley Butler: "I helped make

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Honduras right for American fruit companies in 1903. I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico, safe for American oil interests in 1914. . . . In China, 1927, I helped see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested. . . . Looking back on it I feel I might have given Al Capone a few hints. . . ."

For today's world, the same general point is effectively made through various techniques, including recurring pictorialization of the vast U.S. investment in the underdeveloped world (ranging from the ubiquitous Esso, Pepsi and First National City Bank to American Screw in Chile); along with this come the reassuring words of four U.S. Presidents denying any expansionist ambitions, superimposed on telling pictures of U.S. military power continually moving abroad to the tune of *Over There*. Again, the film draws on TV's apparent ability to elicit and faithfully record views of government officials which seem far more candid than their typical written pronouncements.

Thus, Charles A. Meyer, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, discusses the link between our economic goals and political-military methods in Latin America since the Monroe Doctrine: ". . . just tabulate the number of times the United States has solved the problem, whatever it is, the problem in Latin America by armed intervention, by police action, by continuity of occupation, we've built an ironclad umbilical cord, that runs from us to the southern half of this hemisphere. To me it's very clear that what Latin America is saying, or what we should now embrace, is a lower profile. . . . The conflict which tends to increase the profile, I think I can define as originating from a Congressional attempt, intent to protect the American investment, be that investment in the private sector, or investment of foreign assistance dollars."

At a time when the Administration has launched an attack on all media, we are particularly happy to tip our hat to NET for this impressive evidence of TV's potential to educate America on controversial and vital issues. Those who happened to catch this show will consider themselves fortunate. For the many who did not, we hope that it will receive the reruns it deserves. *Now* is the time for all good media to come to the aid of their country.

The Feds' War on the Panthers

From Seattle, Wash., comes information tending to show that Washington, D.C., is the coordinating center for the nationwide assault on the Black Panther organization. The new Mayor of Seattle, Wesley C. Uhlman, disclosed in a recent speech that he had turned down a federal proposal for a raid on the local Panther headquarters. He was, he said, reluctant to publicize the Panthers' cause; another reason he gave for his refusal was that the raids which have taken place in other cities remind him of "midnight Gestapo-type" operations. Mr. Uhlman was referring to the police raid in Chicago on December 4, 1969, in which two Panther leaders were slain, and the subsequent Los Angeles police raid which resulted in the wounding of two Panthers and three policemen.

According to the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, the proposal for a Seattle operation against the Panthers came from the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Service. In Washington, a Treasury Department spokesman disclaimed any campaign against the Panthers as such; the Department's interest, according to this spokesman, was confined to enforcing the gun-registration laws. Of course these laws are violated all over the country; the Treasury Department's attention may have been directed to Seattle because of eighteen unsolved terrorist bombings that have occurred there in the last seven months.

Evidence connecting the Panthers with the bombings is completely lacking, however. "The easy-answer thinkers say we can eliminate the bombings by eliminating the Panthers," Mayor Uhlman says, but he is resolved to avoid random assaults which would have no other purpose than to persuade fearful citizens that "something" is being done. The Mayor is perfectly right in his attitude, which is in refreshing contrast to the police hysteria about the Panthers. The federal authorities would be well advised to take a similar stand.

The Biologists Look Ahead

Some twenty years ago, Dr. Vannevar Bush, the electrical engineer who directed the Allied scientific and engineering effort in World War II, said that if he were starting his career again he would specialize in biology rather than physics or engineering. Events have borne out the implied prophecy, and the biologists are now taking cognizance of the future, in which their researches will play such a prominent role. In the February 18 *New York Times*, Sandra Blakeslee reports on the formation of a Council for Biology in Human Affairs, directed by Dr. Jacob Bronowski and sponsored by the Salk Institute of La Jolla, Calif., where Dr. Bronowski—well known to *Nation* readers—is a resident fellow. The initial membership comprises twenty-five scientists, of whom five are Nobel Laureates. Their objective is "to sharpen the awareness of the scientific community, especially biologists, to social and political consequences of their work."

Foresight is much more difficult than hindsight, and the physical revolution of the past, Dr. Bronowski points out, failed to predict its own consequences. Indeed it made hardly any effort in that direction: the achievements themselves were held to insure "progress." We see the results of this *laissez-faire* attitude in the deterioration of the environment which, in some phases, may be irreversible, and will certainly be expensive to undo. The Council for Biology is being formed to help understand and manage

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such major socio-biological problems as population control, drug addiction, biological warfare and genetic engineering. Except for the last, these are already at a critical stage.

As an example of the sort of problems which the physical revolution caused, and which the biological revolution should plan in advance to avoid, Dr. Bronowski cites power plants. Coal-burning plants have been built—and are still being built—despite the pollution of the atmosphere that they cause. Coal is a big industry, the demand for electric power is almost insatiable; in consequence, the warnings of scientists have been largely ignored. The trend now is toward atomic power plants. These do not continually pollute the atmosphere, but they pose the danger of accidental release of radioactivity, which must be solved before they can replace fossil-burning generators.

The current realization by scientists and engineers that the consequences of their work must be viewed on a long-term basis is all to the good. The Council for Biology in Human Affairs is a welcome addition to this movement.

Operation Phoenix

This is the name of a South Vietnamese-American project initiated by the CIA in late 1967 to root out the approximately 75,000 Vietcong political leaders and agents from the civilian population. Writing from Saigon in *The New York Times* (February 18) James P. Sterba says that "American officials here privately continue to call it one of the most important and least successful programs in South Vietnam." From Sterba's own description, apparently based on extensive probing, almost anything can happen under this title, from outright murder to farcical detentions.

Often a Vietcong suspect is arrested and walks out of the back door of the police station an hour or two later, presumably having convinced the authorities that it would not be healthy for them to detain him longer, or having paid the necessary ransom. At the other extreme, out of 19,534 Vietcong "neutralized" in 1969, 8,515 were reportedly captured, 4,832 defected, and 6,187 were killed. These being official South Vietnamese figures, their reliability may be gauged from a remark which Sterba ascribes to a "critic" of the program: "One thing about the Vietnamese—they will meet every quota that's established for them. That's what makes the head count so deceptive. How do you know they are not assigning names and titles to dead bodies?"

Although the CIA gave birth to Phoenix, it has been adopted by the U.S. Army and all but six of the 441 Americans at present involved are military personnel. These are only a small fraction of the total Phoenix operatives. In each province there are South Vietnamese mercenaries, originally recruited by the CIA. On the basis of information supplied to Sterba by Americans working at both the local and regional levels, these units are made up of "local hoodlums, soldiers of fortune, draft dodgers, defectors and others" who are paid well by South Vietnamese standards to hunt down Vietcong. The role of these patriots has diminished of late, Saigon officials having found them to be engaged in extortion or terror. Their activities have been transferred to a special branch of the national police.

Another story on Operation Phoenix appears in the same issue of the *Times* under the by-line of Tad Szulc, who covered a session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that heard testimony from William E. Colby, head of the pacification effort in Saigon. Mr. Colby, with the rank of ambassador, serves as a deputy to Gen. Creighton W. Abrams. He assured the committee that Operation Phoenix was not a program for the assassination of Vietcong leaders. Mr. Colby verified the figure of 6,187 slain Vietcong and swore that those captured under the program had not been "legally executed." In further testimony, he stated, "I won't say that some actually were not executed. But the policy is to assure that they be captured and held," adding, "there may have been some aberrations." Such a high official would of course be the last to hear of "aberrations"—torture, terrorism, assassination and other unpleasant things which do not often turn up on desks in Saigon.

As for money, Mr. Colby presented figures showing that the cost of "pacification" in 1970 would be $1.5 billion, of which $873 million is paid by the United States. (One way or another, Uncle Sam probably pays it all.) Asked to estimate how long it would be before the Saigon government could cope with the Vietcong (assuming that North Vietnamese were withdrawn), he said five years would be too short a time. Maybe in ten years, he thought, although he was reluctant to offer a specific timetable. Meanwhile, President Nixon, after conferring with Secretary of Defense Laird, who had just returned from a look-see at what was going on in South Vietnam, assured some visitors that the Vietnamization program was "on schedule" and that the work being done in the pacification program was "remarkable." Such are the workings of faith and public relations.

Budgeted for Infinity

The annual marketing directory issue of McGraw-Hill's *Aviation Week & Space Technology* is a 310-page book which includes forecasts of developments over the next decade in defense procurement, space technology, air transport, etc. One of these, dealing with avionics (aviation plus electronics), is an eye-opener.

The gist of it is that the engineers and manufacturers in the military procurement field cannot resist increasing the complexity and cost of their products toward infinity. The impulse may arise in part from the urge by engineers to show their "creativ-

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ity," but one suspects that an overriding motive is the desire of the aerospace companies to sell more and more expensive products to Uncle Sam, their wealthiest customer. In the automobile industry, the bigger and more elaborate the car, the higher the potential profits. A similar rule presumably applies in aerospace.

In the 1960s the big development in avionics was microcircuitry—making components smaller and lighter, and thus better adapted for use in aircraft. In the mid-fifties, the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed Tradiac, the first transistorized digital computer for airborne use. BTL engineers estimated then that a production model of Tradiac could be packed in less than 3 cubic feet. According to *Aviation Week*, an equivalent computer could be built today in a size small enough to rest in the palm of the hand. Wonderful! Only that's not the way it works when such devices get into the aircraft.

Instead, the reduction in the size and weight of most airborne equipment has been insignificant, because as fast as it could be miniaturized it has been made more complex, in order to perform more functions automatically. The result has been a "growing Pentagon disillusionment with overly embellished and complex systems which fail to meet performance, cost and delivery schedules."

From a military standpoint some real advances have been made, but at a cost, both in weight and money. When initial avionic system studies were completed on the proposed new B-1A bomber, Air Force officials were "shocked" to find the total weight of the avionic equipment would be between 12,000 and 14,000 pounds. Since avionic equipment runs to about $1,000 per pound, the B-1A avionic equipment alone would amount to $12 million to $14 million per aircraft. With the total unit cost of the bomber forecast at around $60 million, this was far out of line, and a few months later new proposals that were submitted to the Pentagon slashed the weight of the avionic section by 50 per cent, a drastic reduction that raises inferences as to the extravagance of the initial design.

The total cost of the B-1A, assuming 200 units are procured as planned, is estimated at $12 billion. Then there is the "air superiority fighter," the F-15, with a probable cost of $10 billion, and a multitude of other projects. All these are in the works while the Nixon Administration is beguiling the taxpayers with talk of cuts in the military budget.

TALKS WITH CHINA

THE MILITARY SABOTEURS

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, is the author of Truth Is the First Casualty, *on the Tonkin Gulf incidents (Rand McNally).*

Washington

Separate but related scraps of information, and the *sotto voce* complaints of middle-echelon State Department officials, suggest that the greatest barrier to substantial progress in the Warsaw talks with China is the intransigence of the U.S. military. President Nixon, as a matter of declared national policy, wants to "think in terms of a better understanding with Red China" (press conference, March 4, 1969). Secretary of State William Rogers, in his first appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said: "We continue to hope for a reduction of tensions . . . [and] to seek ways in which we may be able to contribute to an improved atmosphere" (March 27, 1969).

Yet Secretary Rogers and President Nixon must implement this policy in the face of military obstructionism—aided by persons within the intelligence community—that comes uncomfortably close to insubordination. The question quietly coming to a head is this: shall U.S. policy toward China be set by the President, or by generals in the Far East? The sequence has gone as follows:

Early in 1969, Peking was ready to resume the Warsaw talks after a break of thirteen months. These sessions, which began in 1955, have produced few concrete results, but professional diplomats consider them an invaluable conduit to the Chinese leadership. China's involvement in Vietnam is another factor: as one State official put it, "In case of an emergency, we wanted a way we could talk to Peking in a hurry."

Preparing for the resumed talks, the Nixon Administration drew up background papers that proposed an exchange of journalists, scholars, scientists and scientific information, and the "regularization" of postal service and telecommunications. If these overtures proved successful, the Administration was ready to move, in Secretary Rogers' words, toward "an agreement on peaceful coexistence consistent with our treaty obligations in the area."

Then came trouble. On January 24, Liao Ho-shu, the Chinese *chargé d'affaires* in The Hague, fled his post and asked the United States for asylum. As defectors go, Liao was low-grade ore. He had not left The Hague for four years, he had no intelligence duties, his assignment was routine paper shuffling. Liao was about as important a catch as would be the

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assistant agricultural attaché in the U.S. Embassy in Dar-es-Salaam.

The intelligence community has a rather well-established (if unwritten) set of rules about defectors: if someone decides to "come across," he is accepted and given refuge, regardless of his motivation or value. However, a defector is not usually publicized unless there is some overriding reason to put his name on the front page. It is reliably estimated that no more than one-third of defectors from Communist nations are ever publicly acknowledged.

For reasons that no one here is willing to explain, the CIA decided to "surface" Liao Ho-shu with substantial ballyhoo. The Free China Relief Association, a Chiang Kai-shek propaganda group, sent the Nationalist Chinese Embassy in Washington a cable saying Liao would be welcome in Taiwan. And Peking angrily canceled the Warsaw meeting, charging (falsely) that Washington had induced Liao to "betray his country" in order to create an "anti-China atmosphere."

State Department officers wearily packed away their Warsaw background papers, and China watchers in both Washington and Hong Kong raised their eyebrows over the CIA's decision to "merchandise" Liao.

The eyebrows moved again in mid-summer of 1969 when Hsinhua, the New China News Agency, in several broadcasts significantly moderated some of its standard propaganda. It had said previously that improvement of U.S.-China relations depended, among other things, upon withdrawal of the Seventh Fleet from the straits separating Taiwan from the mainland, and upon the dismantling of U.S. military bases on the island. The Chinese broadcasts suddenly fell silent about the bases; they referred only to the straits patrol.

Intelligence analysts in Hong Kong promptly evaluated this semantic nuance as a signal that the Chinese were once more ready to talk. (Probably because of the increasing border tension with Russia.) Recommendations were sent to Washington that the Navy vacate the straits or, at a minimum, cut the patrol to a token force. State Department officials based in Hong Kong argued that U.S. patrols were of minimal value, since the Chinese, after two decades, were unlikely to take the suicidal risk of attempting to seize Taiwan.

The U.S. military on Taiwan resisted, and vociferously. Their case was presented by a remarkable major general, Richard G. Ciccolella, commander of the military advisory group there. Ciccolella has been called (by his friends) a "modern MacArthur." He was on the UN negotiating team at Panmunjom, and takes a bitterly negative view of meeting Communists at the conference table for any reason whatsoever. In a 1969 speech, for example, Ciccolella referred to his first-hand experience with the "duplicity, deceit and intransigence with which Communists pursue their objectives while conducting so-called negotiations."

Ciccolella sent several stern cables to Washington stating that withdrawal of the patrol vessels would "lessen" the United States' commitment to defend Taiwan, and was militarily unsound. He prevailed, and the Chinese backed away from Warsaw once more.

Late last fall, however, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird suddenly required the Navy to cut $1 billion from its fiscal 1970 spending. In this context the patrol force was no longer vital. It soon dropped to as low as a single radar ship armed with 3-inch guns—the naval equivalent of a slingshot.

But almost immediately—and quite probably in compensation—the military and the intelligence community embarked upon a venture even more provocative than the patrol. Here is some background.

In March 1968, as part of his strategy to start Vietnamese peace talks, President Johnson put a stop to flights of pilotless reconnaissance planes over China. This order has never been made public, although Senator Fulbright made oblique reference to it in a floor speech on November 10, 1969. Mr. Johnson hoped to ease Chinese jitters about the war, and to make evident his good faith in seeking negotiations. (Of course, SAMOS and other satellites continued their surveillance of strategic Chinese installations.) In October 1969 the intelligence community resumed the flights—and, predictably, within two weeks the Chinese shot down one of the drones.

Varying stories are told here about why the flights were resumed at a time when the State Department was working to reopen the Warsaw channel. One version is that CIA photo analysts saw something on a satellite picture that they thought warranted low-altitude scrutiny. Another (by a man who admits, "This sounds like I'm seeing things under the bed") is that military and intelligence commanders in the Far East wanted a *quid pro quo* for dropping the naval patrol—drones for destroyers—so Peking shouldn't think the United States was "weak."

The State Department representative on the interagency panel that approves sensitive reconnaissance flights—the so-called "201 Committee"—is Ray Cline, director of intelligence and research. At one time Cline was the CIA station chief on Taiwan. Roger Hilsman, his predecessor as director of INR (the State Department's initials for the bureau), wrote in his memoir of the Kennedy administration that Cline in 1963 supported a CIA scheme for a large-scale landing by Chiang Kai-shek on the Chinese mainland.

That brings the story to the last and perhaps most significant military oddity. Early in January of this year, Peking suddenly and unexpectedly agreed to renew Warsaw talks on January 20, and to rotate them between the Chinese and U.S. Embassies, rather than meeting in a neutral Polish building. The United States immediately halted the drone spy flights (a concession easier to make be-

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cause no less than five of the pilotless planes had been knocked out of the air during the preceding four months).

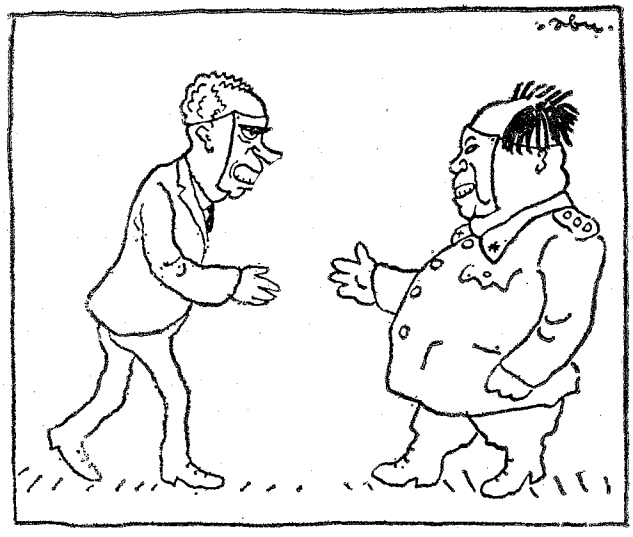
But Washington preparations for the meeting were jarred by a report from the U.S. Consulate in Hong Kong: On January 18 a so-called "commando" party of Nationalist troops raided the Chinese mainland and returned with a claim of having sunk two "cargo vessels." The raid was the first in several years, and the news sent a shudder through the State Department. In view of the U.S. military's acknowledged ability to control actions of Chiang's army, would Peking use the incident as a pretext to call off the Warsaw talks once again?

Washington held its breath for two days. Peking radio said not a word of the raid. And the Taiwan government—reportedly at Washington's direction—also remained silent. As of mid-February, not a hint of the raid has appeared in the world press. Washington's tension lasted until U.S. Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel, Jr., met Chinese *chargé d'affaires*, Lei Yang, face to face on January 20.

Now, incredibly, yet another intelligence mishap has intruded into the shaky U.S.-Chinese relationship, and this time Peking has not remained silent. Soon after the January 20 meeting, the intelligence community once again resumed overflights of unmanned reconnaissance aircraft. On February 10 one of these was shot down while flying over Hainan Island—a Chinese possession in the South China Sea—at a high altitude. *The People's Daily* accused the Nixon Administration of "putting on the look of a hypocrite and harping on its timeworn theme of 'peace' while simultaneously continuing to carry out military threats. . . ." Washington confirmed that the flights had indeed been resumed, and that a plane was lost. But officials who gave this information privately would not discuss the reasons for the new intrusions. And, once again, the State Department is holding its breath over whether the Warsaw contacts will be continued, or angrily abandoned.

The length of the new series of talks, and what they will achieve, other than re-establishing a useful communications link, are subject to the political vagaries of the Washington-Peking-Moscow triangle. That all three parties are engaged in delicate balancing acts—each with its own motive—is recognized by State Department officials. The attitude of the U.S. military makes this balance more difficult if only because it keeps the State Department's China specialists on edge. They are particularly sensitive to disquieting stories that drift back to Washington about Major General Ciccolella's activities. Two examples: With Mr. Nixon's approval, the United States is attempting to wean Chiang from the steady flow of American arms on which he has depended since 1949. U.S. military attachés and foreign service officers are under strict orders not to inform the Nationalist government when military equipment in the Far East is declared surplus, lest Chiang demand it. But Chiang's military, in the words of an American in a position to give authoritative testimony, "always seems to know what is surplus, and when to ask for it." He implies, but concedes that he cannot prove, that either Ciccolella or officers responsible to him are leaking the information to the Taiwan government.

Again, U.S. diplomats who visit Taiwan regularly are aghast at the "numbers game" played by the American military mission there, and the apparent-



Indian Express, New Delhi

Long Time No See!

ly limitless expansion of base facilities. The military shuttles squadrons of Air Force planes into and out of Taiwan on "temporary" duty—and they are not reflected in the troop-strength levels periodically given to Congress. The Nationalists are officially responsible for the construction of new B-52 strips at the Ching Chuan air base in central Taiwan—yet they have no B-52s. State Department people assert the construction is Ciccolella's handiwork, and he is quoted as saying privately (and with delight) that he is "ready" for Taiwan to accommodate whatever U.S. military activities are forced from Okinawa by agreement with Japan in the coming months.

A U.S. decision to settle down permanently on Taiwan, in the opinion of men here who make a profession of studying China, would lead to a continuing estrangement from Peking. They are convinced that the President really wants to start a dialogue with China, but events of the last thirteen months oblige them to question whether policy is being made by Richard M. Nixon or by Richard G. Ciccolella, Major General, United States Army.

Senator Fulbright, in noting the resumption of the drone spy plane flights, called them "ill-advised at best" and added: "I do not know whether this is a case of uncoordinated decision-making. If so, it surely deserves inquiry. If not, it defies logic." So, too, it might be said of other military and intelligence actions in the Far East that have kept the United States and China apart. □

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LOUIS KELSO: NUT OR NEWTON?

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

One chilly day not long ago Louis Kelso and David Rockefeller sat beside the fire at that watering hole of the wealthy, Bohemian Grove, outside San Francisco. Sipping Scotch, they talked the topic they enjoy most: economics.

"By the way, David," said Kelso, "why is it that in *Prospect for America* the Rockefeller panel said that the national goal is for everyone to participate in employment? Why didn't the panel say that the national goal should be for everyone to participate in ownership? Why mention full employment but not full ownership as a desirable goal?"

Rockefeller leaned back in his chair and stared at the fire and clinked the ice in his glass for several minutes before he mumbled, "I don't know."

Kelso looks back on that episode as one of the minor victories in his life, forcing from a Rockefeller the admission that while he might be willing to let everyone share toil, he hadn't thought of letting everyone share capital. Kelso also thinks that Rockefeller's denseness perfectly illustrates the problem that must be overcome before the Kelsonian system of economics is adopted, if it ever is.

If you have never before heard of the Kelsonian system of economics, don't feel ignorant. It is known only in a limited circle, and some of those who know of it think it nutty. For example, Henry Fairlie, the British journalist who has set himself up as a critic of life in America, calls Kelsonian economics "dangerous hogwash," and doubtless some Establishment economists would heartily agree. And in this at least they are joined by the Communist newspaper, *Pravda*, which has called Kelsonian economics "the wanderings of a madman" and "cannibalism."

Nevertheless, despite such disparagement, the chances are good that Louis Kelso will, during the next year or so, become as much of a fad in the world of economics as Marshall McLuhan has become in the world of communications. It is perhaps unfair to link Kelso, who is eminently lucid, with McLuhan, who is conspicuously murky. But unfair or not, it is safe to predict no more than a faddish response to Kelso's theory of capitalism, into which he has poured nearly three decades of thought and labor, and on which he is still spending one-fourth of his time (which, at his rate of $100 an hour for legal consultation, means he is contributing about $52,000 a year to promote his theory). Inasmuch as Kelso has no credentials as an economist, his chances for serious consideration—whatever the virtues of his theories—are not the best.

Kelso is one of San Francisco's half-dozen most

successful corporate attorneys. From his office on the 14th floor of the Alcoa Building he stares out at a business community which pays him at least $250,000 a year. He is on the board of directors of some of the nation's biggest corporations; he belongs to the most exclusive clubs on the West Coast. By way of reminding himself of the success he has made, he likes to tell of getting a $66 scholarship to the University of Colorado; this gives him the opportunity to add, "and that's about the price I now pay for lunch for two at Trader Vic's."

But Kelso is not satisfied. He yearns to start a capitalistic revolution, to be a leader of what one of his admirers calls "the Keynes mutiny." For nearly three decades he has been pushing "two-factor economics," a dull title for his theory, which is much better described by the subtitle of his last book: *How to Turn Eighty Million Workers Into Capitalists on Borrowed Money*. The two factors Kelso is talking about are capital and labor. He claims that until he came along, economists based all their theories on one factor only—labor. In his usual modest style, Kelso compares his theory to his predecessors': "Look, economic policy in the entire world today is just about 10,000 years behind the state of the arts and the physical sciences. And I would say that my two-factor theory closes all but the last ten years of that gap."

When Kelso published his first book, *The Capitalist Manifesto*, co-authored by philosopher Mor-

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timer J. Adler in 1958, it drew a flurry of attention. *The New York Times* reviewer, August Heckscher, called it impractical but "searching and profound." Henry Grunwald, now managing editor of *Time*, reviewed it seriously for that magazine, knocking the Kelso-Adler style as watery, but crediting the book with being "a reminder that capitalism is a revolutionary force in human affairs offering still unplumbed promise for the future." The book was briefly a best-seller.

Kelso admits that much of the attention received by the book was due to the fame of his co-author, but not even Adler's renown could win much review space in the nation's magazines and newspapers for their second book, *The New Capitalists*, in 1961. And when Kelso turned out his third book, *Two-Factor Theory*, with his young aide, Patricia Hetter, in 1968, scarcely a book reviewer anywhere bothered to open it.

But Kelso is a stubborn, as well as a wealthy, man. He set up a skeleton organization called Institute for the Study of Economic Systems (ISES), opened an office in Washington, and threw together a board of directors made up of people as wildly different as Shirley Temple Black and Floyd B. McKissick. The board also shines with the vests of such business leaders as William J. Bird, vice president of Kaiser Industries Corp., and Roger P. Sonnabend, president of Hotel Corporation of America. It is a respectable group, but thin and mostly obscure—like the attention that Kelso has got for most of his work: write-ups in respectable but not particularly influential magazines such as *Financial Executive*, *Challenge*, *Finance* and the *North Dakota Law Review*.

Kelso hungered after more glamorous publicity, and at last he seems about to get it. Nicholas von Hoffman, *The Washington Post*'s house radical, recently made Kelsonian economics the topic of four of his columns. Other columnists may have wider syndication and a larger readership, but none has a more fervent following than von Hoffman. To win his approval is immediately to become identified as shockingly different (as such things are measured on society pages, which is where von Hoffman's column appears) and brightly acceptable in the salons of the liberal intelligentsia. That is exactly the kind of acceptance that Kelso was looking for.

Playboy is said to be gearing up one of its "in depth" interviews with Kelso. *Esquire* is floundering around on the assignment but trying to line up somebody to profile him. *Time* is said to have something in the works on Kelsonian economics. So the months ahead will probably produce many more magazine articles on the topic, as it becomes an "in" thing to talk about in the right circles.

I must now return to the theory itself; since like most economic theories it is rather dull, perhaps it will go down better if mixed with a bit of biography. Kelso, born fifty-seven years ago, grew up in and around Denver. His father was a financially unsuccessful pianist and composer. During the depression his mother tried to help out by running a small grocery store, but the railroad tracks ran alongside the store and the hobos dropped off at night and robbed the place too regularly to permit profit. "It was a period," says Kelso, "that bugged me," proving only that he was no exception.

Meanwhile, like thousands of other depression youngsters, he was working his way through school. The head of the Department of Economics at the University of Colorado, after talking with Kelso a few minutes, decided he was too heretical, and wouldn't let him study in that field. So Kelso took a degree in finance instead, graduating *cum laude*, and then went on to law school, where he was the top man in his class every year and won every honor that could be won. Nothing of importance happened to him for the next seven years, until in 1945 he found himself sitting behind a naval counter-intelligence desk in the Panama Canal Zone, assigned to keeping tabs on Communists, but actually spending most of his time writing an enormous manuscript outlining his own theory of capitalism. The working title for the manuscript was, "The Fallacy of Full Employment."

When he got back to the states, he found Congress in hot debate over the Full Employment Act of 1946; and, since full employment is what he believes in least:

> I realized that I couldn't have been more out of tune with everything that was going on. When the war started, the depression was ten years old and there were 13 million or so unemployed at the end of it. It was obvious to anybody who wasn't trying to swallow their own eyewash that nothing but that damn war brought about full employment. It was obvious that the guys who knew something about the production of wealth—the scientists, the engineers, the managers—were out to eliminate employment. That's how they survive, how they make a profit, and any attempt by the politicians and economists to build the success of our economy on the one factor that was shrinking in its input importance—the labor factor—was nonsense. It was insane. And yet here I come back to the United States and the whole society is hipped on full employment. Nothing else was being considered. I sensed that there was no point in attempting to discuss it or debate it with economists. So I made up my mind that I would simply fold up the manuscript, put it in a closet and put a string around it and let it sit there for twenty-five years, meanwhile engaging in the practice of law and business. If after twenty-five years I decided it still made sense, I would take it out and dust it off and publish it.

The manuscript would have emerged in 1970 if Kelso had held to that schedule, but he met Mortimer Adler, and Adler upset the schedule. Adler, having completed the Great Books project in Chicago, had moved to San Francisco in the early 1950s, set up his Institute for Philosophical Research and organized his "Fat Boys Class," aimed at wealthy businessmen who wanted to come in after work and do mental calisthenics. Kelso joined the class.

Some time later, at a ranch party, Adler and Kelso

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were sitting around having a drink and (Kelso recalls):

> Mortimer said, "What the hell were you talking about last winter when you said my position was inconsistent with the theory of capitalism? If there's any branch of literature I know a damn thing about, this is it. I've been studying it before you were born. There *isn't* any theory of capitalism." And I said, "But Mortimer, I have writ one."
>
> He almost dropped his pipe in the swimming pool. He said, "I don't want to get involved in a long discussion, this is not the place for it, but give me just a five-minute statement of what the theory of capitalism is." So I gave him a five-minute version of two-factor economics.
>
> If I had swung on him with a baseball bat, I couldn't have left him more amazed. It wasn't something he tapered into gradually. He just saw it like that. He said, "Goddamn, I have been struggling with that precise question most of my academic life. That is the answer. I knew damn well that communism was not the answer, I knew damn well robber-baron capitalism is not the answer, and I thought some sort of benign socialism was the answer, although with socialism the bureaucrats are constantly threatening your freedom. But this is it—you've got the answer." And then ideas began to tumble in on him, and in spite of what he said he didn't want to do, we did really wreck the dinner party. The discussion just swept right through the afternoon and into the evening and about 4 o'clock in the morning we finally went to bed and he was still mumbling to himself.

Adler recalls that occasion even more dramatically—"I had a blinding flash of light [he says] and saw a single proposition that was quite revolutionary as a result of Mr. Kelso's asking me a question."

First Kelso got Adler to admit that human labor, in terms of manpower unit capabilities, has been relatively constant across the ages. Then he got Adler to admit that although manpower as such has been less and less productive, the real wages of labor have gone up sharply. Then, the question: why pay a laboring man more for less? And why give capital only 30 per cent of the profits when capital accounts for 70 per cent of the production?

"At that point I stopped," says Adler. "It seemed quite clear to me that something was wrong here. I said if this was right, and we put the wages of labor down where they belonged in terms of this theory, the economy would collapse."

Kelso's solution: emancipate wage earners from the false rewards of wages and give all of them a share of capital ownership. This is the way Kelso lays out his theory: 5 per cent of the population owns all the land, the structures and the machines that make up the nonhuman factor of production in the U.S. economy today. The other 95 per cent of the population is effectively blocked from ever participating in capitalism—unless the system is changed. He calls it a "sinister phenomenon" that General Motors can pump billions of dollars into its production and yet "not create a single new stockholder."

The system can be sensibly changed, says Kelso, not by redistributing the capital owned by the 5 per cent but by expanding the economy so radically that the 95 per cent of the population can also become owners. The capital to bring this about would come from the workers, who would float loans at the bank to purchase the stock that industry would use for expansion. The workers would pay for the stock through dividends—dividends of around 20 per cent because under Kelso's plan industry would be freed from corporate income taxes and would be able to pay out (indeed would be required to pay) all its earnings in dividends.

So at no cost to himself, the worker could own $20,000 in stock at the end of five years. And thereafter he would earn $4,000 from his stock each year as a second income. Kelso uses the $20,000 figure because, by his reckoning: "New capital formation in the American economy is taking place at a rate of about $60 billion a year, which is enough new capital to allocate about $4,000 worth to each of 15 million families each year, or $20,000 in five years. And incidentally, 15 million families are one-quarter of all the households in the United States, and almost *all* of the poorest ones."

By Kelso's timetable, the switch-over to full capitalism would take twenty-five or thirty years, and it would require an annual growth rate of 15 per cent to 20 per cent (instead of the present 3 per cent and less). "And you're going to achieve that with falling costs, because the phenomenon that brings about rising costs in today's economy—the worker demanding more paper and less work, packing his wage base with personal welfare, using the price system to charge the public and then discovering he is the public, and then going back and doing the same damn thing again—that sort of nonsense will stop," says Kelso.

With a start-up time of five years, Kelso figures that his scheme would take at least 1 million families off the welfare rolls each year (if they could live on $4,000 a year, plus whatever work they wanted to do); and after a second five-year period for building momentum, the rate of transfer from welfare to capitalism would hit a rate of 5 million families a year.

The questions brought into existence by Kelso's proposals are, of course, so numerous that not even a fraction of them can be handled here. Two of the more obvious ones will show Kelso's style of reply:

Q. When everyone owns a viable capital estate, who will do the unpleasant work?

Kelso: Most of the unpleasant jobs will be technologically eliminated already. Under the present economy we have been forced to create some 25 million phony jobs to maintain a façade of reality that one must hold a job to legitimate an income. Under my system, we can dispense with the hypocrisy of these meaningless jobs. In the universal capitalist society, when the capital plant has been built to the level necessary to produce general affluence, and population has been stabilized at socially determined levels (after all, we can't progress if we live under 50 feet of protoplasm), the number of

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economic jobs in the economy will be only a small fraction of the labor force. Perhaps we will need no more than 10 per cent of the present labor force. Many men and women may become the servants of interesting people, simply to be around them. Many will teach school without pay simply out of conviction that that is a satisfying thing to do, etc.

Q. In an advanced industrial society where all families and individuals own viable capital estates and only a small portion of the total labor force is required for economic work, is not the freedom of the individual impaired? Some men find great pleasure in business activities. When these men own sufficient capital to produce all the income they care to spend, would they be forced to leave their jobs, or to work for nothing? Would this be a "free society"? What about those who can be motivated only by yachts, race horses, fleets of Rolls-Royces, and museums full of art?

Kelso: Human greed is a vice, like the propensity to commit murder. A careful investigation would unquestionably show that an economy which makes it easier for Jean Paul Getty to get a third billion dollars than it does for two-thirds of the families in the country to get $500 ahead of their debts is buying a lot of hogwash about the value of Jean Paul Getty. The aggregate motivation in the millions of individuals that is destroyed and frustrated by such an insane arrangement is infinitely more productive than anything that one individual could contribute, irrespective of what that may be.

Since the borrowing would be done through banks, and since the system would put almost unlimited capital at the disposal of corporations, Kelso claims that his system makes bankers and big businessmen "excited as hell at the thought of all that damn business."

Kelso likes to tick off those who have seen the light: "Norman Bailey, who is a professor of economics at Queens College, New York, wrote an article some years ago in the *Yale Review* and said it's time to take another look at Kelso and Adler. Walter Hoadley—he's executive vice president for the Bank of America and a former economics adviser to Eisenhower—wrote recently in the *National Observer* that the Kelso system is the free enterprise way to solve the problem. Frank S. Capon, vice president of DuPont of Canada, has said my theory should be compulsory reading for all businessmen. One of the earliest people to recognize the significance of two-factor was a fellow by the name of William Chatlos, one of the senior partners of Georgeson & Co., the largest and most sophisticated proxy solicitation firm in the world. He recommends employee second-income-plan financing to create instant stockholders. It brings loyalty to the troops, puts voting power in the hands of management, and if necessary raises a war chest of free-tax dollars.

"One of the key vice presidents of King Resources Company in Denver—King is not only one of the top natural resources companies but it's one of the top resource mutual funds—has asked me to prepare a proposal to the Secretary of the Interior outlining how in fulfillment of the government's recognized obligations to the Indians and Eskimos of Alaska, the government could make oil leases only on condition that the Indians and Eskimos are given equity ownership in the oil producing, exploring, refining and transporting companies. Give them stock in the companies, let them pay for the stock out of what the companies produce. Donald Dunlop, science adviser to the Secretary of the Interior, is fascinated by the proposal and is now negotiating this with the key oil companies up there."

Kelso admits that the oil men can't see the virtues of the scheme as yet. "My friend, Bob Anderson, chairman of the board of Atlantic-Richfield, pretends he doesn't hear. In the long run, he'll hear—when there is pressure. What Donald Dunlop sees and what I see is this: that what made sense in the policy of the Homestead Act, namely to dispose of land in ways that create ownership in new people, should be applied at every step of the government's relationship with its people when it's granting anything of value, whether it's an FCC license for TV or radio or a license to drill for oil. Why grant those things to millionaires? Why not use the public domain to build productive power in reasonable size holdings with people who don't have capital?"

The sanity implicit in those questions can hardly be denied. Whether or not Kelso has the proper scheme for implementing the sanity is another matter. (Some of the supporters of his theory are men whose very support would raise this question.) Most orthodox economists feel that he does not. Most of them, in fact, ignore him altogether. Kelso sees it as something of a conspiracy. "Don't kid yourself," he says. "They don't laugh, although some of them scoff. Milton Friedman, Walter Heller—a few like that, scoff. The one-factor economists who are so wedded to the concepts of the past that they would rather save their faces than save their society, are all scoffing, I presume. Their technique in fighting me has been very shrewd and very good—avoid controversy. Controversy spreads ideas, so they just ignore me. They avoid controversy because they would lose, for they are so wrong, so totally wrong. It doesn't make any difference how good their answers are, they don't have the right questions." □

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FORESTS

THE HABIT OF WASTE

MALCOLM MARGOLIN
Mr. Margolin has worked in reforestation projects and is now completing a book on the future of the American forests.

"We had better worry about wood," warns *Pulp & Paper*, a trade journal, and statistics from the U.S. Forest Service are certainly ominous. They predict: two and a half times the current demand for pulpwood by 1985; well over twice the demand for all wood products by 2000; and millions fewer forested acres to grow it on.

We could, of course, simply use less wood. We could take advantage of substitute materials for home building—materials not being used because of a reactionary building industry and a jungle of obsolete building codes that only the most preposterous overuse of wood can satisfy. "We're still building houses the same way we did in the 1890s," notes Gov. Daniel Evans of Washington.

Or we could recycle paper, thus eliminating simultaneously a good part of the garbage, air pollution and conservation problems. If *The New York Times* were de-inked and recycled instead of being burned, that would save nearly 36 square miles of mature Canadian forest each year. Add just a few more cities on the East Coast to this recycling plan, and we would save something close to a national park's worth of standing timber a year. Yet a recent conference on recycling attracted what one journal called "widespread disinterest."

It is insane to suppose that if the public sits on its hands long enough, industry will lead the way to conservation of wood. The forest products industry is the fourth largest in America; and, typically American, it thinks only one brute thought: bigger! The very companies that yell "timber shortage" the loudest spend millions of dollars to develop "disposables"—throwaway evening gowns, tuxedos, tablecloths, and the like. For every scientist seeking to save wood, there are a hundred searching for new ways to waste it. Would you believe wooden pipes for conducting liquids underground?

When the Defense Department stops ordering pinewood ammunition cases, the loggers do not rejoice at the salvation of the Southern pine forests; they demand (and get) a House Small Business Committee conference to find out why. And last year when the price of lumber suddenly jumped 30 per cent and plywood nearly 80 per cent, Congress held three separate hearings to discuss, not how to decrease the demand but how to squeeze more timber out of the forests.

Congress might have examined that 1968-69 timber famine more closely. Why, for instance, wasn't the 20 per cent restrictive tariff on plywood imports dropped? Or why, during the crisis, did the industry's profit ratio double, climbing "beyond what should reasonably be expected," according to George Romney.

There were other oddities. The industry unanimously demanded that the National Forest increase the allowable cut on public lands by 10 per cent. At the same time, industry had purchased 26.6 billion board feet of national forest timber which they were not cutting—a backlog equal to twice the annual cut. "It's beginning to look like someone here is pulling our leg," commented Bert Cole, State Land Commissioner of Washington.

Finally there was the puzzling business of exports to Japan—2.23 *billion* board feet of prime Pacific Northwest logs in 1968, 35 per cent more than was exported in 1967, ten times what was exported in 1960. Fat, healthy logs were jamming the West Coast harbors within view of sawmills that had closed down for lack of supply. Yet Japan was so glutted with wood at this time that companies like Germain Lumber of Pittsburgh were actually forced to *import* plywood from Japan.

This adds up to something worse than collusion or a deliberate manipulation of the market. (Collusion, if it existed, could have been stopped by already existing laws.) The timber crisis indicated how extensive is the mismanagement and nonmanagement of the timber supply.

Where will the wood come from? Ask a logger or a forester, and you will get a very tempting answer: from intensified forestry. Weyerhaeuser is squeezing 33 per cent more lumber out of its forests by intensive cultivation methods. International Paper, Potlatch Forests, St. Regis and others use fertilizers and genetically improved "supertrees" to get 50 per cent to 60 per cent more wood per acre. And from legislation now being pushed through Congress (The National Forest Conservation and Management Act), the national forests will soon be enjoying *intensive cultivation* to increase yield by a whopping 66 per cent. It sounds marvelous—until you get out of your car, walk through the gates of Weyerhaeuser, International Paper, or any of the others, and take a look at the "Forests of the Future." The trees are arranged in straight rows precisely the same distance apart. They are all the same species, the same age, the same height and the same shape. They were selected from genetically improved stock to remove any imperfections that might give the trees individuality. These tree farms are sometimes fertilized, sprayed for insects and fungi, and are regularly thinned. They are wildlife deserts and have no more recreational value than do

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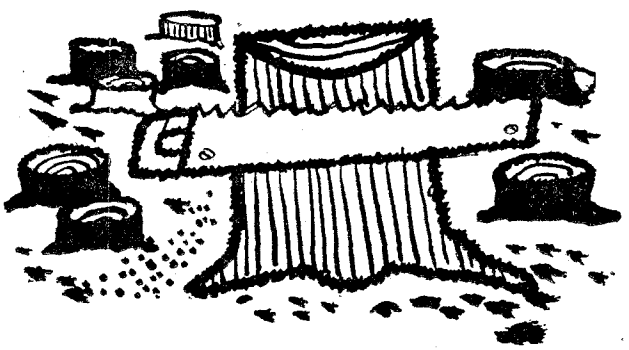
cornfields. In fact, that is the first association of every one who sees them: "wheat fields," "cornfields." Yet today nearly every logged-over acre of industrial timberland in the South and Northwest is artificially reforested in this manner—more than 1 million acres last year alone, about 1,600 square miles.

If tree farms were as visible as smog there would be an enormous protest; but they are mostly on private land, as far removed from the public eye as logging itself, and they are well padded by public relations lullabies. Except for industry, only the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, and a few others are aware of tree farms; and they have been waging an unsuccessful battle to preserve at least the publicly owned land from such a fate.

If this is what threatens America's remaining forests, the first question to ask is: are there alternatives? I have already touched upon a few: use of substitute materials, recycling of paper, stopping exports (which now account for 10 per cent of America's timber production). There are many more. American logging, milling and home-building practices were developed during an age when forests were plentiful, even a nuisance. The attitudes and technologies from this era still cling. In its progress from forest to its ultimate destination—the dump—we find wood outrageously wasted at every step.

To begin at the beginning, logging, especially on the steep slopes of the Northwest, is still exciting; but once the chain saws have stopped whining, the



engines have stopped roaring and the donkey whistle is silent, what remains are hillsides littered with slash. Ten to 20 per cent of the volume is left behind, to be burned or buried. It could all be used. Portable chippers, skylining and ballooning (lifting whole trees with balloons as they do in Russia) make it possible, and according to a Wilderness Society estimate would increase the national timber supply by 10 per cent.

Next comes the sawmill, where fat logs go in one end and skinny planks emerge from the other. Bark, which is about 10 per cent of the log, is burned or sold as mulch: it could be converted into bark board. Sawdust, which accounts for about 7 per cent of the log, could be halved with thinner blades. New methods and patterns of cutting Southern pine could increase output by another 8 per cent. Few mills have special equipment to process undersized or defective logs. And finally there are the thousands of marginal, small-town sawmills that stink up the air by burning ends, edgings and slabs instead of converting them into fiberboard, particle board, or pulp.

What I am describing are ways of applying *existing* technology. Why haven't they been applied? They are, unfortunately, economically marginal, or worse. Good forestry and good milling are simply not profitable—not when the price of lumber is artificially depressed by overcutting private land and by raiding the national forests. Deliberate action will be needed to bring them into harmony: perhaps a steep price rise, perhaps legislation to promote better practices, or maybe something sweeter like tax relief or subsidies to insure proper treatment of wood.

The next stage on the journey through the sawmill is past the grader. Although devices for grading accurately exist, it is still done haphazardly. A man glances at one side of a passing board and puts on the grade. The standards are set by industry, and they are entirely voluntary. Strong wood is occasionally misgraded (and misused) as weak. But a recent check by *The Washington Post* found that half the lumber bought from randomly selected dealers was "much weaker" than it was supposed to be. Architects and builders know this, and they automatically compensate, using 2-by-10s instead of 2-by-8s, etc. More accurate grading, the Western Forests Industries Association thinks, could reduce the amount of lumber used in the average house by 15 to 30 per cent. Rep. John Dingell (D., Mich.) thinks that the waste from misgrading "could amount to as much as *25 per cent of the total resource.*"

Then there is the matter of proper seasoning, to make wood last longer and reduce the rate of replacement. The antiquarian Eric Sloane has compared the suburban house which sags, rots and sports termites after a single generation, with the New England barn that lasts centuries—without paint or preservatives. The difference is in the seasoning.

It is impossible to estimate how many Yellowstones could be saved by recycling, using slash and sawmill leftovers, increasing milling efficiency, halting exports, grading properly, seasoning adequately and using alternate materials. Yet there is more to the subject. I have not even touched upon the attacks by hundreds of critics against numberless stupidities: the Jones Act, for example, which in effect forces Alaska to ship nearly all of its lumber to Japan; the telephone poles which devastate forests and scenery at the same time; power transmission lines that destroy more than 30,000 acres of forest a year; flood-control dams in areas where reforestation would not only control floods but would produce commercial timber; failure to use bagasse (sugar refinery refuse) instead of pulp for certain grades of paper; failure to encourage use of groundwood

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paper (which uses 90 per cent of a log) over finer grades (which convert only 50 per cent).

We steadily reduce our wild varied forests to mono-cultural tree farms; yet we allow 2 million logged-over acres in Southern Florida and millions more in nearly every state to be taken over by brush. If an Oregon landowner wants to strip his land of mature firs, cedars, hemlocks and larches, and replant with colonnades of genetically improved Douglas firs, he will benefit from millions of dollars worth of research, state nurseries, and the visitations of public foresters. But if he wants to rehabilitate his brushland, there is nothing he can do but buy the one book available on the subject. "And if this represents the state of the art," comments one of them, Bruce Starker, "I could have spent my money more effectively on an ax."

At the present rate of waste, we shall certainly have a timber crisis by the 1980s. We shall also see a large part of our forests brutalized by "intensive cultivation." Every one will blame the sad state of affairs on overpopulation, but they will be wrong. The real cause of that double disaster, timber famine and tree farms, will be the current gross mismanagement.

Various solutions have been put forth. They include price rises, price controls, federal or state regulation, tax reforms to promote efficiency, subsidies, and others more radical. Every one who views the situation would like to take the villain by the throat, but he is not to be found. The four largest timber producers combined control less than 10 per cent of the market. There is not one hole in the barrel but a thousand.

Whenever the industry itself speaks of the approaching timber famine, it casts the entire blame on three evils: the refusal of small landowners to let their land be logged; the withdrawal of timberland for national parks and wilderness areas; and the failure of the government to cultivate the national forests more intensively. In effect they have only one solution: we must cut more, and that is ridiculous.

Many individuals and groups have looked into aspects of the timber situation—they range from the Sierra Club to Ervin Peterson, former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and now president of Sonic Jet Processes Corp.—and they usually come to the same conclusion. We need, at this moment, a high-level commission, a sort of Hoover Commission, to study the whole seedling-to-dump timber problem, to sort out fact from public relations propaganda, to collect for the first time adequate statistics, and finally to make recommendations.

The call for "more study" always tends to sound pale and timid, yet in this case it is the first and necessary step. Without such an authoritative, comprehensive study, critics of timber mismanagement are left with nothing but the current scatter-gun attack on a gigantic, fragmented industry that doesn't care, that never responds honestly, and that wastes, wastes, wastes, the very last of the wild forests. □

HIDDEN COSTS OF CREDIT CARDS

MILES S. SCHLOSBERG
and LEWIS M. ANDREWS

Mr. Schlosberg, a graduate student in business administration at Stanford University, has been a management consultant in Puerto Rico and Mexico for the International Basic Economics Corporation. Mr. Andrews is a fellow at the Stanford Institute for Communications Research. He is a free-lance writer, with books now on contract with Holt, Rinehart & Winston and Macmillan.

The explosive growth of bank credit cards in the past couple of years has taken everyone, including bankers, by surprise. As recently as 1965, fewer than 5 million bank credit cards were in circulation, most of them issued in California. Today more than 50 million are in the hands of the public, with millions more going out each month. Whereas bank cards were strictly regional operations a few years ago, the national market is now dominated by two giant bank card networks: BankAmericard and Interbank (commonly known as Master Charge). Only the Chase Manhattan Bank, with its Unicard program, has managed to stay independent.

Congress and some state legislatures have reacted to the situation by launching well-intentioned but largely irrelevant investigations into credit card practices. For example, a Senate subcommittee headed by William Proxmire (D., Wis.) is preparing legislation to ban the unsolicited mailing of credit cards. Similarly, New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz has labeled unsolicited cards "an insidious evil" and has promised to back a bill this year to ban such mailings. However, by the time such legislation is enacted, unsolicited mailings will be a dead issue. "Mass mailing is a feature of new bank card plans," notes Federal Reserve economist Robert Johnston. "It is a once-and-for-all event that will disappear after plans are established." Except for a few areas in the South, bank cards are already established. If lawmakers want to protect consumers from the potential dangers of bank card proliferation, they must shift their attention to the real problem.

The first priority is to define in clear terms the responsibilities of the consumer for a lost or stolen credit card. Most consumers are confused on this

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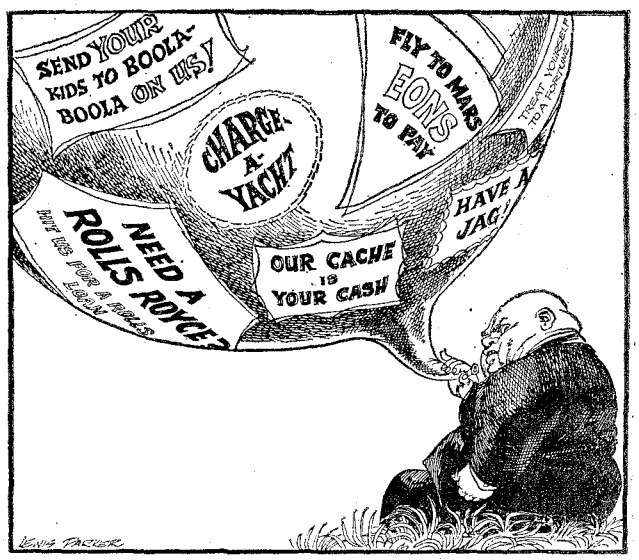
point. As a result, numerous charlatan "protection" companies, as well as reputable insurance firms, are cashing in on the people's fear of being held responsible for illegitimate charges made on their cards. More than fifteen credit card registry agencies have sprung up during the past two years, the largest being Hotline in New York City. For $7 per year, or $35 for a lifetime, these companies offer to report credit card losses to card-issuing companies and to insure the consumer against fraudulent charges on his stolen credit cards. Similarly, all but three of the major national insurance companies tack anywhere from $8 to $18 onto homeowners' policies for insurance against credit card fraud. Last year consumers wasted more than $15 million for such needless insurance.

The money was wasted because, under most state laws, the consumer is held liable for charges on stolen credit cards only if he is "unreasonably negligent" in reporting their loss. Furthermore, the high costs of litigation and the attendant bad publicity have deterred most credit card companies and banks from suing even very careless credit card losers. The oil companies do not bother even to maintain security forces, concluding that it is cheaper to absorb fraudulent charges than to finance a staff of lawyers and detectives. Consequently, one California-based insurance company, which has made more than $500,000 on credit card insurance, has never paid out a cent for a credit card claim.

Privately, most bankers express mixed feelings about the insurance company schemes and "protection agencies." "On the one hand, they give bank credit cards a bad image," states a Master Charge executive who prefers to remain anonymous. "On the other hand, we like to keep card holders on their toes."

A second priority is consumer education. According to the Federal Reserve Bank, revolving credit, a key feature of most credit card plans, is understood by less than 20 per cent of all credit card holders. Simply stated, revolving credit allows the consumer to postpone paying a bill by accepting a monthly interest charge of 1.5 per cent of the total amount due. This does not seem like much money and, consequently, consumers are easily tempted to put off bills, sometimes for many months. It is an easy trap to fall into, but a costly one. Last year the average consumer paid out $1 in revolving credit debt for every $5 he charged on his credit card. Since wealthier consumers tend to pay their bills on time, a disproportionate amount of this debt was borne by those who could least afford to pay. Even more costly is a "cash draft," or short-term loan that can be made on either a BankAmericard or Master Charge card. The interest on cash drafts is 4 per cent for the first month, which is equal to 48 per cent per year. In the first ten months of 1969, BankAmericard's California operations alone netted more than $10 million on credit card debt, making BankAmericard the most profitable operation of the Bank of America.

A third priority is the inflationary effect of bank cards. At present, the effect of bank cards on consumer borrowing and spending is small. "There is no evidence that the use of credit cards is contributing substantially to inflationary pressures," says Federal Reserve Governor Andrew Brimmer. "Only a small part of the growth in consumer credit in recent months can be attributed to the expansion of


SEND YOUR KIDS TO BOOLA-BOOLA ON US!
CHARGE-A-YACHT
FLY TO MARS TO PAY
I NEED A ROLLS ROYCE?
OUR CACHE IS YOUR CASH
HAVE A JAG!
LEWIS PARKER
Lewis Parker, Toronto Star

bank credit card plans." However, projections of future behavior should cause real concern. Although bank credit cards accounted for less than 3 per cent of consumer debt last year, that is more than triple the figure for the previous year. "Within a decade," reports *Business Week*, "the figure will soar to 25 per cent or more. It could go even higher if the banks get their cards accepted by the big retail stores that today honor only their own charge cards." But consumer debt is just one way bank cards can push inflation.

Another is "merchant discounts." Banks charge most merchants a 3 per cent discount on credit card purchases. This does not cost the store much when the bank credit card substitutes for the merchant's own charge accounts. However, when bank cards begin to replace cash transactions, the retailer loses money, and can make it up only by significantly increasing volume or raising prices.

There is also the danger that banks may ignite a credit card war with companies that have an interest in maintaining the individuality of their own credit cards. There is already evidence of such a conflict developing between the bank credit cards and the oil companies, who are trying to maintain the allegiance of card holders by offering numerous premiums. Such gimmicks, like trading stamps, are expensive and will result in higher gasoline prices.

Finally, the banks should be brought to heel for

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their generally irresponsible attitude in the area of consumer debt. The credit card market has grown so fast during the past few years that most observers have not noticed how the banks have effected a fundamental change in the nature of credit cards. "Now, living in a small community in Iowa, we have a credit card from Marshall Field's in Chicago, not for credit functions but for the convenience in purchasing," notes University of Iowa law professor Eric Bergsten. "I think this should be kept in mind. The earliest credit card issuers were department stores and petroleum companies, and their attempt was to try to tie the credit customer to the issuer of the card, and they made money off the merchandising aspect of them. . . . It is only recently that extended payment and the 1.5 per cent per month have become a significant feature of the credit card." The banks cannot be blamed for turning the credit card into a profitable operation in itself, but they should be admonished for their tactics and perhaps restrained from persisting in them.

Testifying before a House subcommittee in August 1967, Paul Douglas, once the Senate's most tenacious champion of truth in lending, recalled how his efforts had been stymied by "unrelenting opposition" from the banking establishment. The Truth in Lending Bill finally passed the Senate by a vote of 92 to 0, but only after a major compromise exempted banks from stating the annual interest rates on revolving credit.

To this day banks have refused to acknowledge the hidden costs of bank credit cards. "I'm convinced," says J. O. Elmer, senior vice president of the Wells Fargo Bank, "that what the bank credit card system is doing is just transferring credit from merchants to banks, merely shuffling it around." □

The Cost — and Price — of Education

GEORGE C. KELLER
Mr. Keller, who is special assistant to the chancellor of the State University of New York, writes frequently on educational and cultural matters.

Albany, N.Y.

Remember when Calvin Coolidge said, "The main business of America is business"? Today, he might be persuaded to agree that the main business of America is education. Beneath the foam of student revolts and the arguments about reforming education, a profound shift is occurring in the structure of America's economic and intellectual life. It amounts to nothing less than a revolution—not, to be sure, a swift and violent encounter on the barricades, but a crunching, glacierlike reformation such as was brought on by the introduction of gunpowder or the automobile.

What has happened in this way is that Americans, individually and collectively, have increased their investment in education dramatically in the past twenty years. So huge has this new investment in education become that 30 per cent of the total physical capital of the nation is now tied up, not in industrial plant and equipment but in schools and in teaching and research materials. U.S. expenditures on formal education have risen from $6.5 billion in 1947 to approximately $60 billion in 1968.

Almost every community in America has put up money during these decades for new public schools and additional teaching and administrative staff. Today, nearly 80 per cent of Americans graduate from high school. In Japan, the figure is 52 per cent; in Russia it is approximately 40 per cent. In the so-called advanced countries of Europe—England, France, Germany, Italy—less than 20 per cent of the young finish secondary school. Only one out of six high school graduates in America went on to college in 1947; now half of them do.

The college population has tripled here in twenty years; it has shot up from 3.1 million students to 7 million in the last decade alone, causing new colleges to be opened at the rate of almost one a week. Between 1957 and 1967, as much college and university capacity was added to the country's educational resources as had been provided in the previous 300 years. In many states, education expenditures absorb more than one-third of the total public budget.

But that is only part of the story. Harold Clark and Harold Sloan have shown in their *Classrooms in the Factories* (1958), *Classrooms in the Stores* (1962), *Classrooms in the Military* (1964) and *Classrooms on Main Street* (1966) that education outside accredited schools is now greater than it is inside the formal system. Courses are offered nowadays by local libraries, trade unions and government agencies, among others. A study cited by Eric Larrabee in the recent *Museums and Education* found that 20 per cent of U.S. museums give courses; they are switching their role from one of merely preserving and displaying relics to educating the public in such fields as Pop art, prehistoric life, colonial furniture and modern astronomy. Business corporations like General Electric and IBM currently spend more on training and education than do all but the dozen largest universities. The Defense Department outlay for education (teaching, testing, training and research) is as great as that of the fifty state governments combined. It even runs the nation's ninth

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largest school system—for children of military personnel overseas.

Then there is what Princeton's Fritz Machlup called "the knowledge industry": research (the United States does three times as much as all of Europe); the publishing of texts and of scholarly or informative magazines; educational toys; teaching machines; educational television; records that teach you to speak Spanish, or present Dylan Thomas reading his poems; and the like. It adds up to an estimated $50 billion a year.

In sum, underneath and around all Americans a swift, drastic reorganization of society is going on. For the first time in history, a nation is placing schools at the core of its life and making learning its central, pervasive enterprise. The U.S. Office of Education estimates that 57.2 million persons now attend accredited schools full time. Another 4 million or so are enrolled in schools of barbering, computer programming or secretarial skills; in full-time training programs as TV repairmen, airline pilots or horticulturists; in full-time private study as actors, musicians or film makers, and full time in State Department foreign-language-and-culture courses, or military-sponsored courses in radio communication or nuclear weaponry. Thus about 61 million persons, or 30 per cent of the population, are now engaged in some kind of full-time study. We have suddenly created a vast new quasi-class within our society. Teachers, 2.6 million of them, are by far the largest professional group in the nation.

Moreover, the sweeping reorganization of America's structural foundations does not promise to slow down. Over the past ten years, the rate of increase in education expenditures has averaged 7.5 per cent, almost twice as large as the average annual growth of the gross national product. One-third of America's total work force is now employed outside private enterprise, and nine out of every ten new jobs created between 1950 and 1965 were in nonprofit fields, chiefly government and education. Education is obviously a huge growth industry, and that is why firms like Xerox, RCA, Time, Inc. and General Electric are buying heavily into the field.

What has stimulated this feverish new investment in education, from nursery school classes for 3-year-olds to retooling courses for middle-aged executives? Basically, it is a new gold rush. A 1965 University of Michigan survey disclosed that most Americans want a better education principally to get better jobs and higher pay. The reason given by most government leaders for supporting education at the state level is that superior education brings greater economic prosperity to their region. National officials also speak of economic growth, as well as education's contribution to military security, public health, political stability and social and racial mobility.

In a highly technological, intricately interlinked, organizationally complex society, education seems to be the first prerequisite for financial success and mastery. A scientific, industrial society demands a kind of "capital" that Karl Marx overlooked: brainpower. Increasingly, as the new "economists of education," such as the University of Chicago's Theodore Schultz or Columbia's Gary Becker, have shown, intellect and imagination are the chief engines of economic growth in a sophisticated, advanced society. The key form of "property" in our time may reside inside people's heads.

There is a neat example of this in Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's *The American Challenge*, which posits that Americans, newly armed with enormous brainpower, may soon convert all Europe into an economic subsidiary. He writes: "Suppose a new regime wanted to nationalize IBM-France, which has several modern plants and a research laboratory at La Gaude in Provence. Having taken control of these handsome installations, the French Government would find that it has mistaken the shadow for the substance. What counts today for a corporation is not the walls or the machines, but the intangible elements that cannot be nationalized. . . . By nationalizing IBM we would simply force its managers and technicians to emigrate. We would be committing on the scientific and strategic level, the kind of 'intellectual suicide' that Hitler's anti-Semitic policies produced in Germany 30 years ago."

An important talent for any industrial nation in the ever more hectic international scene is the ability to innovate, to stay ahead. But innovation is no longer a matter of daring, intuition or luck. It now requires refined analysis, elaborate organizational skills, lots of data, good techniques, a persuasion apparatus and a dash of probability theory. It needs, in short, highly educated persons. The nation that has such persons can pull ahead and pick up many of the marbles. In the twenty years between 1947 and 1967, America has more than doubled its total output of goods and services—from $300 billion to $650 billion (in constant 1958 dollars). The United States, with only 6 per cent of the world's population, now produces 30 per cent of the world's output.

But what price the marbles? That is the main question being asked by numerous parties, from hippies and the New Left to Ronald Reagan and Jacques Barzun. As education has moved to stage center, as it has become instrumental to economic and military supremacy, the cry rises that it is being distorted and shackled. Has education become increasingly an enterprise dedicated to the production of "useful" knowledge and of specialized "brainpower"? Is the very nature of "rationality" being subtly redefined —from a process of raising disturbing, complicated, interrelated questions about the ingredients of a good life and a just society to one of refining the data and methods of particular fields, whose place and aims are largely unexamined and whose results for society are unmonitored? Many of the more sensitive

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and brilliant students say "Yes" to such queries, and there is much evidence to support their claims.

That is why those concerned to reform American education believe it necessary to assert this challenge at the most basic level—at the nature of contemporary society and the new government-education-business *troika* that undergirds it. In saying this, I don't mean to endorse without qualification the peevish, indiscriminate or ideologically antique condemnations that are in vogue in some quarters. But the impulse, however unenlightened in some of its manifestations, is legitimate and urgent. When education has become a new, central business and motor force in our advanced society, any attempts at reform must start with a sharp and broad scrutiny of the radically new structure of that society. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 226)*

Indian and otherwise? Being myself in complete sympathy with the Indian cause, I find it offensive that anthropologists are to be cast in the role of the villains ("ideological vultures"), whom the heroic victims—with what smells of a touch of larceny—will allow to probe them for a fee. . . .

Perry A. Bialor, Chairman
Department of Social and Behavioral Sciences
Hellenic College

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Dear Sirs: While I acknowledged that Deloria's fury sometimes employed satiric overkill, I did think he opened a serious matter which is not, for all the debates in anthropological circles over what Professor Bialor terms "ethical problems," appreciated with the urgency it demands. . . .

We are in an age of heightened moral attentiveness. We can no longer, for instance, blithely preach integration in the presumption that we know what is best for black and white America. Indeed, the new realization of America's moral, political and spiritual hypocrisy won't let us preach, period. Nor will the times permit an investigator's credentials to carry him through political and cultural borders in self-anointed mission to honestly understand other peoples. We can no longer enjoy the luxury of invisible, intellectual inquiry. The self-assertion of Third World peoples won't allow it. The anthropologists, and all of us, will have to tend their own gardens for a while.

I did not mean to attack anthropologists, vilify their profession, or deny them "the real intensity of sympathy, concern, respect and friendship" which, to be sure, is in my experience "characteristic of the anthropologist's relations with his hosts." That has next to nothing to do with the imperative of the times, and its conflict with the presumption which says that intellectual inquiry is free and omnipotent in time and space. . . .

There is a comment at the end of *Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian In White America*, the book I reviewed along with Deloria's: "Our isolation—from past, present and future, was summed up by one Indian: 'You are each a one-man tribe.' " The anthropological ramifications of that insightful phrase are devastating. . . . As a nation of spiritually exhausted, frightened and lonely one-man tribes, there is reason to doubt how much we can learn from Indians, given our culturally inferior state of spiritual development. . . . Yet anthropologists are the one professional group who have a chance to be of profound service to their alienated communities, to tell us how *much* we can learn from Indians. . . .

Professor Bialor finds distasteful Deloria's suggestion that one way for anthropologists to move around reservations with a little more substantial basis to their relationship than easily uttered vows of friendship, would be for them to pay a cultural rent. . . . Bialor might find this a "cynical cash reparation" but it is not a reparation and I doubt Indians would find it at all cynical. . . . I am amused that only in capitalist society is money found filthy, and talk of it sullying. . . .

Indians have taught me much about the legitimate role of exchange in delicate negotiations. I have seen a father pass the hat on the eve of his son's going to college, and pass it among both relatives and strangers. I have seen medicine men paid in jack for their holy songs. I have been asked for the shirt off my back in exchange for a legend recital. . . . An exchange—be it of money, food, what have you—is for the Indians, unlike whites, an initial extension into another's world. . . . Of course the shift from "ideological vulture" to "productive member of Indian society" is not going to be accomplished with a whisk of the wallet. But something no-nonsense takes place in such a proof that the visitor is going to give more than words for his visit. . . .

Peter Nabokov

frightened brass

Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: As a former draftee, I am well aware of how easy it is for the Army to change a "military occupational specialty," as it is called, from a desk job to a front-line position, or to have someone's name placed on a list for shipment to Vietnam, or to court-martial a man under any one of a number of loosely worded articles of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find that anti-war servicemen aren't languishing en masse in Leavenworth or being sent out to die in the boondocks.

From my own experiences during a private confrontation with the Army over anti-war opinions, I found the military establishment—on my level, at least—to be less the Fascist beast than the great corporation, with all its attendant neuroses, such as sensitivity to public relations. I am aware of a number of cases of GIs who refused to serve in Vietnam who were kept "harmless" by being given inconspicuous stateside duty. Through a friend still in uniform, I am told that activists on at least one major post, although subject to more than their share of petty harassment, still maintain relatively "responsible" jobs as well as their ranks.

On one post, a call was issued by the underground GI paper to report to sick call on moratorium day. As it turned out, the number of trainees doing so was *less* than on the average day; nonetheless, numerous officers hit the panic button, circulating printed warnings on malingering, marching troops to sick call, and punishing those who were not certified as actually ill, etc. The Army is not used to challenges to its totalitarian system; thus it becomes paranoid. It punishes certain dissenters excessively—particularly those directly in the public eye, such as the Fort Hood Three in 1966—and tries to sweep others under the rug. The conclusion seems to be that the Army is scared.

Were the military to ignore completely or brutally repress the dissenters, their effectiveness might be drastically reduced. As it is, by panicking and wavering, the Army has in a perverse way done them a favor by giving them publicity without actually destroying them. . . .

Michael Engel

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'Lasciuious Vngodly Love'

A LONG TIME BURNING: The History of Literary Censorship in England. *By Donald Thomas. Praeger Publishers. 546 pp. $12.50.*

ART AND PORNOGRAPHY: An Experiment in Explanation. *By Morse Peckham. Basic Books. 320 pp. $6.95.*

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY: A History of Expurgated Books in England and America. *By Noel Perrin. Atheneum Publishers. 296 pp. $7.95.*

PETER MICHELSON
Mr. Michelson's study of the aesthetics of pornography will be published by Herder and Herder. He is the editor of a new cultural quarterly, The Purple Sage.

Roosevelt told us that we had nothing to fear but fear itself, but the wisdom of the admonition did not prevent his administration, during World War II, from forcing Japanese-Americans into concentration camps. Nor is that specter merely a quaint relic of our past: J. Edgar Hoover last summer told the U.S. Senate that there are thousands of Chinese-Americans loose in America, any number of whom (how can we tell? they all look alike) might be *spies*. Having shrewdly invoked national paranoia, Hoover eased into our usual panacea—a pitch for more police. When LeRoi Jones was convicted in connection with the Newark riots, the judge cited political passages from a poem published in *Ramparts* as justification for Jones's severe sentence; the subsequent reversal of that decision could not erase two years of harassment, detention and expense. Such side effects of prosecution, as the gothic conduct of the Chicago conspiracy trial demonstrates, are themselves modes of censorship.

Censorship in its more direct forms is the subject of three recent studies, each of which provides a useful perspective on the relationship between fear, censorship and the pressures of social order.

"Political censorship," Donald Thomas says in his history of English censorship, "is necessarily based on fear of what will happen if those whose work is censored get their way, or if they are effective in persuading a large number of readers to share their point of view. The nature of political censorship at any given time depends on the censor's answer to the simple question, 'what are you afraid of?' "

Thomas' analysis of history suggests that political fear and its attendant censoring are more likely to result not from ignorance but from conflicting knowledges. He reports, for example, William Pitt's observation on the seditious libel conviction of Thomas Paine for his *Rights of Man*: "Paine is no fool, he is perhaps right; but if I did what he wants, I should have thousands of bandits on my hands to-morrow and London burnt."

In a world increasingly committed to epistemological pluralism and "open" societies it has seemed a liberal axiom that censorship and suppression would have to wither away. But Thomas' interpretation of that historical process makes one less sanguine. His history proceeds from the premise that, "The relevant question at any stage of human history is not 'Does censorship exist?' but rather, 'Under what sort of censorship do we now live?' " He pinpoints the dilemmatic irony of censorship by observing, for example, that Britain's Obscene Publications Act of 1959 makes *Lady Chatterley's Lover* legal, while the Race Relations Act of 1965 makes the publication of racist literature a criminal offense. Perhaps Thomas' most important contribution is the historical demonstration that if we are to understand censorship we must see it as an inevitable and evolving fact of social organization. He cautions us against the naive "fallacy of believing that because at any given time we may be free of the censorship which was familiar to an earlier generation we are therefore free of censorship altogether."

Thomas' book deals chiefly with the formal evolution of censorship in British law and culture. Its early character (he begins with the Licensing System imposed by the Court of Star Chamber in 1538) was essentially political, although as early as 1580 there was a proposal in the Stationers Register to restrain such books as "set up an arte of making lasciuious vngodly love." But the Renaissance being what it was, sedition and blasphemy were the real objects of suppression, and it was not until the famous case of Edmund Curll in 1825 that obscenity became a substantive part of English (and subsequently American) law.

Religion and politics were the axis around which English censorship was formed. In 1558, for example, a royal proclamation condemned books "whereby not onely God is dishonored, but also an encoragemente geuen to disobey laweful princes and gouernors." This fusion of moral and civil authority has not yet been fully resolved in either English or American law. Chief Justice Hale's 1676 judgment that "Christianity is a parcel of the laws of England and therefore to reproach the Christian religion is to speak in subversion of the law" was echoed and more ominously interpreted by Justice Bayley in 1823: "Christianity is parcel of the English law, and we cannot permit that point to be argued now."

Thus Christian morality was unequivocally "legalized" and the stage set for the "democratic" censorship of the Victorians. With aristocracy on the run, law was no longer, as it had so often been in the 18th century, the oppressor of the people; it became their protector. Heretofore men had been censored for the good of their rulers. Now they were to be censored for their own good: "The Victorians and their immediate predecessors," writes Thomas, "regarded literature as an educative agent, at a time when the education of the lower orders seemed to be a panacea for moral and

CASTOFF SKIN

She lay in her girlish sleep at ninety-six,
small as a twig.
Pretty good figure

for an old lady, *she said to me once.*
Then she crawled away, leaving
a tiny stretched transparence

behind her. When I kissed her paper cheek
I thought of the snake,
of his quick motion.

Ruth Whitman

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social ills: in this sense, literature was to serve the intellectual and moral needs of the community rather than to amuse a few sophisticated individuals." Thus "Victorianism," in its own historical context, was a progressive if timid response to social change. This theme is central to Thomas' historical thesis. Ideas of order, whether democratic or aristocratic, bring their own modes of maintaining themselves.

The alliance between law and religion has tended to make law an enforcer of religious and quasi-religious order, on the one hand, and to give secular affairs of state (court trials, inaugurations) a grand sanctimoniousness on the other. Both effects tend to lock the law into static and univocal modes of knowledge, compounding the dangers of censorship in proportion to the degree that they preclude the social viability of assumptions (e.g., atheism) other than their own. Locked into their own sanctity, censorship laws have not kept pace with the technological and moral evolution of the society which they are supposed to serve. Censorship in both England and America is still basically Victorian, designed to protect the masses from "bad" literature and art. Blasphemy is pretty much out; but, what with comm-symps, black militants and peaceniks, sedition has been given new life. And there is always obscenity.

Though he defines it in a more clinical and rigorous way, Morse Peckham's *Art and Pornography* is largely an examination of the behavioral principles that he thinks explain the conflict between the innovative and stabilizing forces of culture. His dialectical conclusions are similar to Thomas' historical ones, though they are put in the more ominous context of behavioral necessity. Thomas ends his history by warning us that the updating of culture also updates modes of censorship: "The technology of the later twentieth century offers the means of silencing men—without the danger of making them martyrs—by the most effective method of all, by ignoring them. It is a bloodless and almost silent censorship, but, nonetheless, it might have been the envy of the Tudors and the Stuarts." Forewarned is, at least, forearmed, though what "arms" are available to us is not really clear. But Peckham's view side-steps even the oblique hope implicit in a warning.

Donald Thomas' historical method circumscribes his imagination. He is obliged, first, to present the data and let it speak, providing such interpretive structure as consistency with the data permits. But Peckham's method, though based in a hard-core behaviorism, is considerably more flexible and suggestive. His data is "soft," interpretive. Thus, quite wisely, he treats his subjects, art and pornography, as understandable only in the total context of cultural dynamics. When he chooses he feels perfectly free to talk about addiction, law, politics, etc., as all proper parts of his subject. His stylistic model is the picaresque novel: he proceeds, not unlike Fielding or Sterne, winding anecdotes, analogies and personal history around the progress of his exposition: the developing patterns of innovation and stability that he feels characterize Western culture.

This freedom coupled with his behavioristic stance gives his study large ethical potential. Indeed, one would suppose that his philosophical assumptions would naturally lead him to the ethical extension of his conclusions. But they do not. He suppresses his moral sensibility to preserve professorial dignity, "objectification" and wit. Toward the end of his study, when one might suppose he had accumulated enough evidence to draw some ethical conclusions, he instead falls to bludgeoning "modern intellectuals" and the New Left for failing to interest him with their cultural innovations.

Finding Left and Right equally contemptible (though for some reason of his own he is rhetorically tolerant of the Right, hostile to the Left), he opts for a scientific neutrality, like Prufrock not daring to disturb the universe, as if inertia were a virtue rather than a fact.

Thus he dismisses the political polarities defined by the New Left:

> It is not the "System" or the "Establishment" that has viciously locked the free energy otherwise available for innovation into the trivial [censoring pornography, for example]. Mankind itself has locked itself into the trivial in order to protect itself against innovation, a protection which can never be complete. If our culture has truly reached the stage at which those occupying positions of arbitrary power can undertake the control and mastery of the irresistible forces of innovation, against which the only protections are the form of belief, and arbitrary and unjust policing by naked power, it can then decide how much more innovation our culture can tolerate.

There is a great deal happening in this statement, but I want especially to observe Peckham's successful struggle to stay objective in the face of what he knows (1) to be "unjust," but (2) to be ineluctable. Being himself a professional, scientific dialectician, he does not want the "modern intellectual" (whom he identifies with the New Left) to get away with an unprofessional, unscientific analysis—what he calls "the apocalyptic." So he elevates the problem (no less apocalyptically than the New or old Left, but under the guise of a dialectical apparatus and vocabulary that would make Hegel sing a hallelujah chorus) to "mankind itself."

He tells us that it is human nature to be locked into injustice and naked power, and that those who cannot see or accept this fact of life fail at "objectification" of the self, and those so failed can't be expected to provide "interesting" or "true" cultural innovation, as he contends the New Left has not. In objection it may be said that the New Left has been largely responsible for, if not the recognition itself, broadcasting the refutation of capitalistic ethics. The New Left has made a popular movement out of a truth that had been through the fifties in this country an intellectual's parlor debate. The contribution of the New Left has been to expose a cultural vice masquerading as an ethical virtue, as well as to politicize what was properly political.

Further, Peckham does not acknowledge that centuries of dialectical carrying on has succeeded only in providing a knowledge of *dialectical* morality, which like any dialectic can be manipulated for such purposes as its user finds convenient. It is not therefore surprising—far less is it "contemptible" and certainly no more "dangerous" than the paralysis of dialectic—if there is a movement toward a "true" rather than an "orderly" morality, one that can help society out of its reliance on injustice and naked power.

It is, in the end, irresponsible for a writer of Peckham's imagination and energy to conclude his analysis of cultural dynamics and censorship with a shrug and a superior smile, handing the superball he has been bouncing so spectacularly back to bureaucratic incompetence.

> For those now occupying the roles of social management, the real difficulty lies in a far more refined selection of propagandistic targets and a more selective distributional flow of propaganda than any government has yet shown itself to be capable of achieving. Consequently whatever the government decides to do about pornography, we may be reasonably sure that at best it will barely avoid making a bad mistake.

This simply returns us to "Go," allowing us to collect only the information that our latter-day Court of Star Chamber has a perfectly reasonable behavioristic explanation.

I make this criticism of Peckham because his intelligence, his command of data, and his method promise more than he lets them deliver. He does not follow where his scholarship and sensibility lead; he fails to commit himself to exploring the ethical bog his own conclusions define—e.g., the ethics of a society

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which wastes its energies on the policing of such trivia as pornography in order to preserve itself.

Just as it is not adequate for a rocket engineer to announce, after a brilliant description of gravity, that gravity is what is holding things down, so it is not adequate at this stage of history for scholarship with the ethical potential of Mr. Peckham's to give us a brilliant description of all the components of social movement and then announce smugly that they are all in confusion, and that at best we can hope to "barely avoid making a bad mistake." If history can warn us of censorship's tenacity and subtle guises, it seems not unreasonable that we can expect modern behavioristic scholars to engage the ethical significance of social behavior with something more humanly sympathetic than this.

But there is still another scholarly option for treating censorship. Noel Perrin's *Dr. Bowdler's Legacy* presents the history of bowdlerism in a kind of academic high-camp manner. Perrin has written an essentially comic history of the absurdities deriving from expurgation as a response to the 19th-century emphasis on sensibility and propriety. The fellowship of Dr. Thomas Bowdler and his confraternity of defenders of virgin delicacy still survives, Perrin observes, taking new shapes in accord with the evolution of cultural sensibilities:

> Delicacy has never died, and never will. . . . It merely takes new forms. At the moment, as everybody knows, the vocabulary of race relations has become a delicate matter. The result is a new little growth of expurgation, and not merely in nursery rhymes like "Catch a tiger by the toe." Lynch and Evans found a high-school text in which *Huckleberry Finn* was expurgated new-style. "A nigger woman" became "one of the servants"; "a young white gentleman" became simply "a young gentleman," and so on. If the rise of "black" continues, "Negro" itself may become obscene; perhaps it already has. If so, those of us who avoid the word will not seem prudish to ourselves, but sensitive. . . .

In spite of their legacy, Dr. Bowdler and his sister Harriet have been regarded as a vestigial Victorian joke. Perrin advises us that the joke may not be so vestigial as we like to think, but it is somehow still a joke. For when Synge and Lady Gregory send a telegram to Yeats telling him that the Dublin "audience broke up in disorder at the word shift" in *Playboy of the Western World*, it is funny. So is it when Leigh Hunt claims that *smock*, *shift* and *chemise* are obscene words. So, too, when the *Saturday Review* in 1872 announces that it cannot discuss a reprint edition of Mrs. Aphra Behn's work because its critic has indignantly burned his copy. Or when, in the second (1927) edition of Cummings' *The Enormous Room*, the original "My father is dead. Shit. Oh, well. The war is over" is unaccountably translated into French: "*Mon père est mort! Merde! Eh, b'en! La guerre est finie.*" (In current editions the English is restored, but expunged: "My father is dead! Oh well. The war is over.")

Perhaps the comedy is further enforced by our confidence in the evolution of cultural sensibility. A democratic society is based on a comic theory of history—the notion that man can and will, in the Faulknerian sense, survive his follies. Perrin's scholarship, although much less ambitious than either Thomas' or Peckham's, manages to touch from its inception this comic sense: the view that knowledge can help us, that it does help us.

For there is a difference in the social sensibility that denies "nigger" as useful discourse and perhaps even in the one that substitutes "black" for "Negro," from the sensibility that finds Mrs. Behn's work "too filthy to handle," or substitutes "*merde*" for "shit." The latter sensibility is wastefully preoccupied with, to borrow Peckham's suggestive concept, the trivial. Neither Mrs. Behn's novels nor the word "shit" have ever threatened social well-being. The word "nigger," on the other hand, is not only the sign of social injustice; it is a rhetorical vehicle that has helped perpetuate social injustice. And the relationship between "black" and "Negro" is an extension of that rhetorical fact. We may continue in the buffoonery of expurgation, but *what* we expurgate signifies that we have learned at least somewhat to aspire and direct our energies to achieving higher modes of cultural comedy.

History and comedy provide useful perspectives on censorship's relationship to culture. But they are necessarily limited. Peckham's approach is more comprehensive, and it is only because I think he has forfeited the ethical dimension of his study that I presume to quarrel with so rich, so intelligent and so ambitious a book. The great dialogue on "relevance" now engaging the academy may be dull in many ways, but at the least it points to a large failure in the academy to assume its responsibility for ethical confrontation of the issues its students cannot afford to be ignorant of or superior to. If humanistic scholarship is not to collapse completely into trivia it will have to engage ethics rather than waltzing them brilliantly around. □

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In Defense of Freedom

FREEDOM AND THE FOUNDATION: The Fund for the Republic in the Era of McCarthyism. *By Thomas C. Reeves. Alfred A. Knopf. 355 pp. $7.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER
Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

The tax-exempt foundation is one way of reconciling the contending claims of God and Mammon that have historically riven American culture—on terms highly favorable to Mammon. Accumulated capital is protected from the ravages of taxation by investments in good works. Grace is bought at bargain prices because foundation outlays in the social sciences either justify the *status quo* or mitigate its social evils in innocuous ways. And bolder foundation ventures into social activism must, at the peril of forfeiting tax exemption, hold to a safe "educational" course avoiding the rock of "propaganda" and the whirlpool of "influencing legislation"—elusive and treacherous limitations which put caution at the helm.

The Fund for the Republic, the subject of this spirited and absorbing study by a young historian at the University of Colorado, is an important landmark in the history of American tax-exempt foundations because of the vigor and imagination with which it conducted a largely successful struggle for social relevance against enormous obstacles. While some of the difficulties with which the Fund had to wrestle are shared today by many foundations with serious social concerns, the Fund was confronted with special challenges arising out of its commitment to civil liberties in an era of repression. (It should be added that the current "taxlash," which resulted in the recent abortive legislative curbs on foundations, has provided a new outlet for the social and political resentment of progressive foundation programs, viewed by middle America as the product of an unholy alliance between the mandarins of the Eastern establishment and the urban underclass.)

The Fund emerged from a 1949 report to the Ford Foundation recommending as a major goal, "the elimination of restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry and expression in the United States, and the development of policies and procedures best adapted to protect these rights in the face of persistent international tensions." Given the climate of the time, this program, adopted by the Foundation's trustees, would probably have been fated for a languid and desultory implementation, but for two circumstances. Since the Internal Revenue Act of 1950 barred foundations from accumulating unreasonable surpluses, the Ford trustees were forced to find ways to spend pots of money in a field that was not only highly controversial but relatively unblessed by established philanthropic patterns.

Even before the Foundation had become visible as a champion of the rights of dissenters, it became the target of right-wing journalists and organizations; the Ford was on the brink of becoming the first subversive automobile in America, as customers, dealers and cranks showered the sales-conscious officials of the Ford Motor Company with threats and appeals. The fall of 1952 brought the first of a series of legislative inquisitions: an investigation by the Cox committee.

Although the probe cleared the Foundation of subversive taint, it hardly dispelled the "public relations" nightmares of the Fords. (It should be recalled that the threat of a product boycott was a potent instrument of repression in the fifties, a circumstance which made Madison Avenue an important arbiter of political orthodoxy.) The reluctance of the Fords to become involved intensified at the very time that the cresting McCarthyite frenzy made it impossible to continue to evade involvement. And don't forget the Internal Revenue Service, the hungry wolf stalking the foundation sled, sniffing for both an "unreasonable surplus" and for overly effective expenditures.

Rescue was painfully delayed but it finally came. In the fall of 1950, Paul Hoffman (then the Ford Foundation's president), Robert M. Hutchins (its associate director), and W. H. ("Ping") Ferry (then a speech writer for Henry Ford II) proposed the creation of a separate Fund for the Republic to devote itself to the restoration of civil liberties and civil rights in America. Although tentative approval was given by the trustees, the Fund was not launched until December 1952—a delay occasioned by a protracted hunt for directors with appropriate qualifications. It was then, in Hutchins' phrase, "officially disowned" by the Ford trustees with a $15 million grant. Hutchins wrote of the Fund's newly selected board of directors to Grenville Clark: "It is a pretty good group worried about civil liberties and also worried about its respectability. I do not know which worry will win."

The Fund's damp leadership under Clifford Case got it off to a fumbling start. He cast the Fund in the passive role of a sort of Prince Charming whose tender kiss would awaken the "innate good sense of the American people." Matters were not helped very much by the authorization in 1953 of a second Congressional investigation, this time under the auspices of Rep. Brazilla C. Reece of Tennessee. The newly recruited board of directors eagerly embraced the thesis that as a precondition to any future activity in the field of civil liberties, it would be necessary to explore in detail the precise scope of the "Communist menace." Since such studies predictably would show that communism had lost its appeal, the turmoil about its dangers might conceivably abate.

To this end the Fund invested in a series of studies (ultimately to the tune of about $500,000) on communism in American life. It was this same strategy

A LESSON IN WILDNESS

I said to the children in the woods:
These are houses you are walking through;
remember, when they are gone to board,
how beautifully their veined hands reached toward the sun.

And I said to the children in the slums:
The moon is a world apart from hunger,
a symbol of cities you build of the future—
but remember the men of power who left you here

prey to the giant roaches and the rats
prowling their civilized, garbaged streets;
and how you learned what you never were told:
a stone city is wild.

And they said to me: It is today we must eat;
do you serve words, poet, or meat?

William Leo Coakley

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which resulted in the commissioning of a massive bibliography and digest of the public record on communism. Long-term projects were favored because they produced nothing which current critics could attack.

The Fund, in short, proceeded quietly to commit suicide. When the Reece committee bloodhounds appeared, Case was able to assure them that most of the programs were still inchoate and that "the project farthest advanced is one concerned with the nature and extent of the internal Communist menace." And when Case resigned to run for the Senate in 1954, the Fund's most substantial achievement was the security of its tax-exempt status (in the past the subject of considerable anxiety). Then Hutchins took over the presidency.

A lifetime of institutional involvement had made Hutchins a superb connoisseur of trustees, the F. Scott Fitzgerald of the responsible rich. He knew how to harness to his purposes the American ethos which identifies wealth and success with patriotism and conservatism. Businessmen and bankers could be more useful to a controversial enterprise for their cultural attributes than for their bank accounts. The trick was to corral and train the intelligent mavericks, to transform them from protective totems into enthusiastic colleagues.

Those familiar with Hutchins' twenty-two-year executive tenure at the University of Chicago will recognize how brilliantly he played this game. (His testimony before the Illinois Broyles Commission in April 1949, shortly before he resigned, was a triumph of trusteemanship. After reading to his gaping inquisitors the names and business connections of the university's thirty-four trustees, he intoned: "These gentlemen are responsible for the conduct of the University of Chicago. Legally they *are* the University of Chicago. . . . It will not be charged that they are engaged in subversive activities. It can hardly be supposed that they would sanction such activities.")

The Fund really grew into its style under Hutchins, who with the vital and incisive assistance of Ferry, forged an effective program based on a starkly simple formula: "We were determined to see how far we could go to help people and at the same time maintain our tax exemption." Helping people meant that the Fund would concern itself directly with the institutions and practices which were threatening free thought and expression: the loyalty-security program, attacks on academic freedom, the Defense Department's witch hunt against military personnel, the blacklist in the entertainment industry, censorship of books and periodicals.

Of course there were failures too: the Fund made only nominal contributions to the fight against the abuses of the FBI, the anti-subversive committees and the institution of the paid informer. Its substantial investments in the race relations programs of the Southern Regional Council produced important returns; its mass educational programs, though well-conceived, failed—largely because of the fecklessness of the media. Yet its subsidies of the "Freedom Agenda" project, designed to stimulate grass-roots support for constitutional liberties, were fruitful.

A highly significant contribution to the effectiveness of the Fund were the battles it waged in its own defense. In 1955 it presented a $5,000 award to the Plymouth Monthly Meeting, a group of Pennsylvania Quakers, for hiring as a librarian a woman who had lost her job in Massachusetts for pleading the Fifth Amendment before Senator Jenner's Internal Security Subcommittee. Despite enormous right-wing pressure, the Quakers refused to yield. The Fund's board, in response to a recommendation by Dr. Hutchins, decided to present the Quaker group an award of $5,000 "in recognition of its forthright stand in defense of individual freedom." A storm broke over the award: Fulton Lewis, Jr. led a bitter assault on the Fund; the ultras showered their Congressmen with protests; Senator Jenner again subpoenaed Mary Knowles, the embattled librarian.

The attacks intensified when Hutchins not only eloquently defended the award but approved the hiring, by the Fund itself, of a public relations man, Amos Landman, who had previously pleaded the Fifth Amendment. This was too much for some of the directors. Hutchins responded with scarcely concealed scorn: "To make an award that can only have the effect of encouraging others to retain or engage qualified, loyal persons who have taken the Fifth Amendment and then to decline to hire such a person on the ground of possible criticism would seem to me a refusal to practice what we preach."

The publication of the Fund's blacklisting study the following year contributed measurably to discrediting the notion that there was nothing objectionable in the use of private employment sanctions as a punishment for unpopular opinions or associations. Congressman Walter, HUAC chairman, in more or less open alliance with Fulton Lewis, Jr. and an assortment of black-listing organizations and publications, opened a counter-attack with a subpoena for John Cogley, author of the study. The Fund's defense in the HUAC hearings and the press was the most vigorous and self-confident in its entire career.

The Fund's enemies were by no means

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confined to the Right. A persistent theme in its history was the antagonism of the cold-war liberals who repeatedly sought to exploit the Fund to finance their own anti-Communist projects. They believed that the real overriding civil liberties issue was the Communist threat to freedom. Borrowing from the sedition trials of the fifties, they invoked conspiratorial theories of derived and imputed guilt to condemn their domestic opponents as surrogates for Stalin who were not entitled to the protections of the Bill of Rights.

The rejection during the Hutchins' regime of a number of grant applications, coupled with the Fund's refusal to respond to the financial appeals of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, made the Fund (and especially Ferry) anathema to the cold-war liberals. But beneath the sniping and the blackmail was an issue that was real enough: could the Fund be diverted from mainstream constitutional liberalism into European-style Social Democratic channels. When the Fund refused to yield, Sidney Hook, the spokesman for these ideologized liberals, joined in the rightist demand for the revocation of the Fund's tax-exemption.

Dr. Reeves gives us glimpses of another kind of conflict which reveals Hutchins in his most resourceful role: confronting and proselytizing his directors. Here Hutchins' great skills as an educator came into play. To be sure he was abrasive, arrogant and no man to suffer fools gladly. But he had a patrician wit and charm. And beyond this, something more important—a passion for freedom of expression as a normative principle, a gift for high-level polemics, a pride in logic and an extraordinary creativity—qualities which link him not only with the Jeffersonian tradition but with the doctrinal rigor and intellectual power of a Jonathan Edwards.

Hutchins used his great gifts to teach his director-trustees a simple lesson: that it was impossible for the Fund to do a proper job without being "controversial." As he put it, with characteristic tartness: "We are trying to save the Republic. We can expect few cheers from those we are trying to save it from. . . . This is the first time an organization dedicated to civil liberties has had any money. That fact alone, as soon as it appeared that the organization meant business, would account for the clamor we hear. . . ."

This fine book by one of the new breed of historians is based on a study of the Fund's files to which the author was given free and unconditional access—a unique generosity in the foundation world. (The Fund is the first foundation to make its complete files available to scholars.) Dr. Reeves has divided his treatment about equally between the Fund's programs and activities on the one hand, and its response to internal strains and external attack on the other. His account of the climate of the fifties and the repeated assaults on the Fund is especially useful.

The reconstruction of the Fund's struggles around the employment issue—the black-listing study and committee hearings, the Knowles and Landman controversies—is a significant contribution to the history of the McCarthy era, as is the author's reading of the reasons for the Fund's early failures. His book will enlighten the general reader concerned with the current official manipulation of explosive political and social polarities, refresh the memory of those who swam in the stormy tides of the period, and stimulate future historians of the McCarthy era. It should also be useful as a survival manual for foundation decision makers. □

A More Perfect Union

JUDITH MARA GUTMAN
Mrs. Gutman is the author of Lewis W. Hine and the American Social Conscience *(Walker), and is presently at work on a narrative and visual history of American social expectations.*

THE AMERICAN BUILDER'S COMPANION. *By Asher Benjamin. A reprint of the sixth edition (1827). Dover Publications. 114 pp. 60 plates. $3.*

COTTAGE RESIDENCES. *By Andrew Jackson Downing. First published 1842. American Life Foundation and Century House. 200 pp. $15.*

COUNTRY HOUSES. *By Andrew Jackson Downing. A reprint of the first edition (1850). Da Capo Press. 484 pp. $15.*

VICTORIAN FURNITURE. *By Andrew Jackson Downing. A composite book taken from* Country Houses *and J. C. Loudon's* Encyclopedia. *American Life Foundation and Century House. 212 pp. $15.*

THE BEAUTIES OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE. *By Minard Lafever. A reprint of the first edition (1835). Da Capo Press. 139 pp. 48 plates. $17.50.*

In the 1820s, when most of Asher Benjamin's books were already being reprinted and *The American Builder's Companion* first appeared, Americans were intent on creating a wider range of human expression and freedom in their dual roles as virtuous members of the republic and as working members of a society.

A farmer or mechanic who wanted to build his house read *The American Builder's Companion* as a guidebook. In it he found blueprint-like drawings for windows, roofs, staircases. He studied a drawing and read the text accompanying it to learn, for instance, how to diminish a step in a flight of stairs. He went on to learn the mathematical properties of the circle and ellipse. And if he wanted to erect a column in front of his house, he even learned of the "curvature of ribs in a plaster loin."

A farmer or mechanic read the book for detailed technical information. But "technical" included much more then than the word now suggests. By page 20 he might already be absorbed in the nature of moldings: how a molding, if it was to be in Grecian taste, "is made up of part of an ellipse, a parabola, or any hyperbole," and how he might choose the kind of molding he wanted on his house. "In the Roman ovolo," Benjamin explains, as he leads his reader into the differences between the Greek and Roman styles, "there is no turning inward at the top; therefore when the sun shines on its surface, it will not be so bright on its upper edge as the Grecian ovolo, nor will it cause so beautiful a line of distinction from the other mouldings with which it is combined, when it is in shadow, and when lighted by reflection."

While the farmer learned the very practical matters of geometry, adapted them mathematically to the house he was building, learned and used the vocabulary of architectural terms, whatever he finally chose he chose because he expected it to be more beautiful. He thought of "practical" as more than meticulously lining up the right angles in a house, certainly more than fighting off the winds or fending with howling wolves on the prairie. His idea of practicality incorporated mathematical concepts as well as facts, drew on what we would think of as the higher orders of thoughts, made delicate differentiations, and most important, incorporated the beautiful.

In 1787, the planners of the Constitution assumed that everyone had "confidence," that men would support the virtuous principles for which the new Constitution was

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PLANET / PLASMA

When I breathe, all
things of the suspended world
enter, galaxy dust & bombarding
particles, the most intimate
viral matter hooks into
me, hazards to lifesupport
filter through my purple
universe which always has
its side turned away from
the sun orbiting in darkness.

As I live and breathe
I've seen my blue planet hovering,
pollen before me, sunlight
edging it in measureless
shadow: who knows how
many universes I
inhale & which will
end my life?

Robert Vas Dias

striving, that with it they could create a way of life where excellence and beauty were a part of the same realm of perfection. Whether they ever created that realm makes no difference; they expected they would. And when Asher Benjamin wrote his mundane, everyday, practical book for his republicans, he provided them with blueprints for the most beautiful and perfect houses he could think of.

Minard Lafever epitomized this desire for excellence, both in the houses he designed and the plates he prepared for *The Beauties of Modern Architecture*. His plates carry their own beauty: the information they bear becomes a part of the plate's beautiful and flowing lines. Where he wanted to depict the capital of a column in all its detail, he set the measurements of a volute, for instance, into the circular movements of that volute as it flowed out to the neck of the capital. At the same time, he let the acanthus that was going to become a part of the final column move its naturally sweeping lines right out to the end limits of the page. Then as if to provide a soft counterpoint, Lafever lightly sketched a silhouette of the column from a 90-degree angle and set it at the top right. We look at the whole plate and are struck by the movement and balance of lines to create a beautiful page. Beauty rested in the plate itself, just as it rested in the design for reality.

While Asher Benjamin tried to show his audience *how to* build a beautiful house, Lafever seemed to assume they already knew how. His emphasis is more on beauty than technicalities. It may seem out of joint that Lafever's work appeared in 1835 when Philip Hone, a wealthy New York City merchant, addressed 5,000 mechanics in City Hall Park gathered to protest President Jackson's closing of the Bank of the United States. It was just a few years before bakers demanded more flour and the panic of 1837 split fortunes from men like Hone; just before mechanics, bakers, merchants and political men all felt the turbulence of a republic that was not meeting their expectation.

But architects, carpenters and mechanics were still trying to create some order out of the chaos around them. The artist-republican expected to transform that turbulence into a design of houses where the space that moved between portico and columns balanced itself against the internal space; so that structure after structure would look as if it grew out of the most naturally conceived state of beauty that free men in a republic could create.

By the 1840s this combined sense of beauty and excellence had pretty much split apart. When republicans looked to some form of expression through which they could realize a fuller life they either accepted the new orders in society or turned even more vehemently toward nature. Andrew Jackson Downing, in *Country Houses*, published in 1850, did both. He was excited with the new industrial and mechanical growth, felt it was as much a symbol of nature's possibilities as it was of the magnificence that Americans could produce out of their past. He expected the new growth would fulfill the unfulfilled expectations Americans still retained from the early republic. To make them come to pass he asked his readers to use their old sensibilities—to use their "sense . . . heart . . . and understanding."

But he also drew enormously on nature, much more than his predecessors. He asked his fellow republicans, for instance, to go out to the sod and let the grains of earth trickle through their fingers so that they could get a sense of those earth-worn hues from which they could "tastefully" choose a color for the exterior of their house. White was much too sterile for him. Nature represented all that was unfulfilled, and Downing asked his fellow republicans to use its depths as a guide in choosing for their practical everyday life.

It's no accident that when he designed for the country, rather than for either the urban or village house (both of which he discussed in *Cottage Residences*), he developed his new American style: a Victorian Gothic with dramatic protrusions wherever he could plan for them. He designed steeples that would tower over roofs, bay windows that would project, and eaves that would hang, even farther, over porticos. His designs tilt into the future, move off the steadying edge of the right-angled classicism of twenty

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1817

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years earlier. Downing popularized the use of the word "tasteful," but he used it to mean "expressive." He advised the workingman to build his small cottage "boldly . . . beyond mere utility." He wanted Americans, regardless of class, to move, unbalance, and thrust what had been contained. That was in 1850.

A decade earlier, Downing hadn't cared as much about an American style as he had about just beauty and excellence. In his *Theory of Landscape Gardening* (which no one has yet reprinted in its crucial fourth and fifth editions), he insisted on beauty regardless of which particular mode one adopted. He didn't care whether one remained satisfied with the classic forms or moved more daringly into the Victorian—just as long as one created according to principles of beauty. He was then more of the artist trying to order the chaotic society around him. But by the 1850s, when the society was so clearly in flux, he unabashedly favored the unbalancing projections that would throw a person into the future.

It was as if he and all his republicans still retained the dialogue that Benjamin had; as if they really lived in that state of beauty that Lafever assumed; and as if they could still expect to control the future. They didn't see that the structured part of their society was changing: that the old virtuous patterns with which they thought were being narrowed into rules of behavior rather than being widened into those avenues which they had earlier explored.

Downing wanted to change his society without becoming a rebel or remaining an artist. By the eve of the Civil War, when *Country Houses* was in the fourth of its eventual nine editions, Downing was really only producing a sentimentality. The dimension of grace and beauty that Lafever had created out of the early conflict with chaos was all that was left of that period's virtuous desire to widen the human dimensions of society.

A word about the editions. Da Capo in hardback and Dover in paper have beautifully and faithfully reproduced Downing, Lafever and Benjamin. Annoyingly, though, the American Life Foundation, in cooperation with Century House, has destroyed perhaps more than it has created, taking a portion of Downing's *Country Houses*, resetting the type, less readably composing the page, and then calling it a reproduction. Further, in Downing's *Cottage Residences*, they have tacked on a poorly devised bibliography which exludes such details as how many editions each book went through (in the 19th century an edition often meant a revision). They have not even indicated which edition they've chosen to reprint. One can't plunge back into the past with awareness by reading the American Life Foundation books—and one should for these. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

What are we to make of choreographer George Balanchine, who creates quintessential classic ballets—Bizet's *Symphony in C*, Tchaikovsky's *Ballet Imperial*, Stravinsky's *Agon*—side by side with a *Western Symphony*, *Stars and Stripes*, or a square dance set to Vivaldi and Corelli? A man who dons his dancers in white tutus and black mesh stockings with equal conviction; who himself sports a heavy Russian accent and dude clothing, the tight but well-tailored pants and shirts and string bow ties that movie cowboys fancy; who has said that his favorite dancer is Ray Bolger; who advises one of his dancers to read Tolstoy and Pushkin, and then goes home to watch Westerns on television?

I wonder what the audience at the State Theater was thinking on the evening of February 5, when Balanchine was presented with the Handel Medallion, the most distinguished cultural award that New York City has to offer. He accepted it from Mayor Lindsay with a deep bow from the waist, Russian style, and then proceeded to make a speech in his halting, colloquial English (Balanchine has said that his English "isn't so hot") about Bob Hope, Hollywood, the Oscar, and how movie stars thank everybody, even the garbage man, for "making it all possible."

The point is that Balanchine, who is considered to be the greatest choreographer in the world, is not a snob or a "character," despite his string bow ties. He is not a reverse snob, either. He talks about Bob Hope and Westerns and has used George Gershwin's songs for his newest ballet, *Who Cares?*, simply because he loves them all. He loves America. The unfurling of the American flag at the end of *Stars and Stripes* is meant to be funny, but the humor is mixed with affection. It is not camp; nor is Balanchine going slumming or being whimsical when he choreographs to cowboy tunes and Gershwin.

The problem with Gershwin—a problem only insofar as Balanchine is concerned—is that his music carries with it connotations of time, place and even a dance style, whereas the cowboy tunes and Sousa marches are in a much wider and more flexible sociological milieu. Sousa and *The Girl I Left Behind Me* have become part of Americana, but Gershwin is still Gershwin, much more authentic and better than the images that have grown out of his music. Balanchine did not set out to imitate the stereotype—like Fred and Adele Astaire—but rather to cut through the images to get to the heart of the music, which is wonderful. However, the sense of period inherent in Gershwin's music must still be dealt with.

As with his other "American" ballets, Balanchine decided to use the classical ballet vocabulary as the foundation for *Who Cares?* and to coat it with stylistic accouterments. The method works when the choreography must accommodate itself to musical form, but when the music also reflects specific facets of American life, Balanchine runs into trouble. His occasional jazz ballets—a section of *Ivesiana* and *Ragtime* to Stravinsky, for example—fall flat. The dances are poor imitations of the real thing; they are cliché-ridden and posey, essentially a foreigner's translation of an American idiom. Snapping fingers, flexed feet and swinging hips just don't equal jazz. Ironically, Balanchine has used a modification of these very devices to revolutionize classic ballet, but they look phony in the jazz ballets. However much he is in sympathy with American heroes and ideals (Balanchine likes dance to be big, fast and new), he cannot get to the core of American movement, the cool of jazz or the wit and sophistication peculiar to Gershwin. Just as Vladimir Nabokov is not really an American writer, Balanchine has not created an American style of ballet, as is often said, unless the statement means that his style flowered in America. Balanchine has created the Balanchinian style, whose godfather is the Russian choreographer, Petipa.

What kind of dancing do we see against the Manhattan skyline, the cocktails, the breezy, devil-may-care postures of the music, and, most important, the ironical and brittle mixture of love-talk and financial-talk which is explicit in the lyrics and crucial to the sound of Gershwin's melodies? *Who Cares?* opens with an ensemble of girls doing steps so linear in effect that it reminds me of the beginning of Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* to Bach. In the next number (*Who Cares?* is set to seventeen songs in all) the girls perform chorus-line kicks with hands on hips, more Rockette than Gershwin. The boys' first dance is shuffling and hoofer-style, more vaudeville than Gershwin. There is an elegant *pas de deux* to *Do Do Do* for Susan Hendl and Frank Ohman and another of those high-kicking, snazzy duets to *Lady Be Good!* for Linda Merrill and Robert Maiorano.

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The Man I Love finds Patricia McBride and Jacques d'Amboise in a soft and mysterious love interlude. It was so beautiful that I found myself thinking of *Swan Lake* as they danced. The rhythms of McBride's solo to *Fascinatin' Rhythm* were so subtle and fragile that the Gershwin music sounded thumping, which it is not.

The only dances that almost clicked with the music were those performed by d'Amboise and Karin von Aroldingen. Both know how to smile gently, sort of lazily, to let their arms relax and fall in undefined manner without looking sloppy, and both know the theatrical value of the throw-away step. They caught Gershwin's insouciance and, accordingly, the choreography was most relaxed in these variations.

With a few exceptions, *Who Cares?* either played on the fringes of Gershwin's style without hitting dead center, or it was straight Balanchine, glitteringly classical and downright beautiful. At these moments, the dancing was better than anything Gershwin could write, but it could not, as in other ballets to other composers, unburden itself of the music, or its undeniable historicity, and charge ahead on its own brilliant momentum. Gershwin, unlike Glazounov, for example, is too good to be ignored. And Balanchine, whose wit ranges from black humor to Gothic to the grotesque, found himself unable to cope with Gershwin's dry, brittle humor. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that Balanchine is profoundly lyrical, just as Mozart is, while Gershwin is lilting. It takes a Balanchine to expose Gershwin's Achilles' heel, but once he has done that, he can neither dismiss Gershwin nor help him. The two men only clash. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

John Barth—he of *The Floating Opera* and *Giles Goat-Boy*—is a novelist who traffics in moral ambiguities, and it is not surprising that *End of the Road*, made from his book of that name, provides only dubious ground on which to stand. I have not read the original and cannot say how directly Barth relates the vicissitudes of his principals to the shortcomings of American domestic and foreign policy. But the film script, written by Terry Southern and others, makes much ironic but indecisive display of the American flag, and juxtaposes a fatal abortion, in an association that is not evident, to the astronauts and the public demeanor of President Nixon.

In addition to this ambiguity at the national level, which as presented seems fashionable, if not opportunistic, the film provides its internal puzzles. Is the hero (Stacy Keach) genuinely deranged by pressures unspecified or merely irresponsibly mischievous? Is the director of the center for drama-therapy (played by James Earl Jones in a bravura straddle of Viennese dogmatism and witch-doctor gymnastics) a cogent scientist or a megalomaniac and sadistic charlatan? Why does he so readily agree to perform the disastrous abortion? Is the husband (Harris Yulin) whose home the hero disrupts (and who affects Boy Scout uniforms, pearl-handled revolvers and an obsessive frankness of human relationships) maddeningly sane or sickeningly perverse?

Art, we are always being told, is full of enigmas—that, indeed, they are what make it art. But the cliché also implies that you can trust the ambiguities to be honorably posed, and about halfway through *End of the Road* I was seized with the distracting notion that someone was pulling my leg. Once it occurs to you that the picture is a put-on, nothing occurs to disabuse you of the notion.

I fell back, then, on the visual stimulus provided by the director, Aram Avakian. It swings from magic realism to *Marat/Sade* chic abomination to acrylic poster rhetoric, and is thus lively to the eyes. I did not find that a sufficient reward, none of the conceits being really inventive. The advertising copy for *End of the Road* is markedly aggressive—are we up to the challenge of the film? In retrospect, the belligerence seems a little boozy.

The Magic Christian is the worst kind of British film—a process of throwing a bunch of celebrated performers at the screen (Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Wilfrid Hyde White, Richard Attenborough, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan and Raquel Welch), to the accompaniment of women's fashion photography and homosexual giggles.

I remember the book as being Terry Southern's best, but in this version (which he concocted with Sellers and Joseph McGrath, the director) I can find no trace of what I thought I remembered. The book seemed to have some bite; this is all smirk. Sellers plays a millionaire who employs his money and a rather cruel curiosity to expose the credulity and cupidity of the species. That was certainly the original idea, but it has been transposed in scenes that are obvious, monotonous and achingly devoid of wit. Self-satisfaction is the dominant tone, and it doesn't play well.

Mr. Starr, as the hero's adopted son, is given precisely nothing to do but say "Great, dad!" and make funny faces. He does these with his thoroughly reliable charm. Since movies are not his thing, this exposure will do him no harm, nor will it much damage most of the others mentioned above, who appear too briefly and in too extravagant camp gear to be long remembered. But Sellers is out there the whole time—making bricks without straw. Very exhausting work, for him and for us. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

During a season generally lacking in distinction, the première of Elliott Carter's Concerto for Orchestra stands out as an occasion of special importance, not only (obviously) for its inherent quality—which would adorn any year—but also because the manner of its presentation by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic showed a much greater sensitivity to the difficulties inherent in our normal way of carrying on musical business than has been apparent on some past occasions. There was, for example, some attempt to prepare the audience for what they were to hear, in the form of a lecture by Paul Jacobs, the Philharmonic's pianist and a close student of Carter's music—hardly a substitute, to be sure, for regular performances of the music, by Carter and others, that forms the aural background to the new work, but at least a recognition that what is

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good enough for Tchaikovsky may not be good enough for serious new music.

More important, of course, was the achievement that the performances represented on the part of nearly all concerned. The virtuosity implied by the designation of "concerto" is in fact required of every member of the orchestra, and the evidence was that most of them had labored hard to meet the challenge. Bernstein worked with enthusiasm and an obvious knowledge of the score; for a first performance, this was remarkably satisfactory. Some details were more approximate than exact, and precision of dynamics was, expectably, the least honored dimension of the score. There remains a good deal to be uncovered in this enormously complex work —but that is a statement that could have been made about the premières of many important works in the history of music.

Like most of Carter's recent work, the Concerto for Orchestra involves a "scenario," a plan of action with roles assigned to the various performers—in this case, four sub-orchestral groups, formed around (and matched by range and color to) the four basic string families. To each of these ensembles is assigned characteristic material, differentiated in tempo and expressive profile: four quasi-movements that interlock and interweave, fading in and out of the full orchestral body. Carter carries out this assignment of roles in greater depth and detail here than in his previous works for full orchestra (in the Piano Concerto, for example, the basic opposition was between soloist and orchestral mass rather than within the orchestra itself), and the overall dynamic of the piece is naturally more complex than the term "movements" would seem to suggest. Indeed, the virtuosic treatment of the orchestra, the constant flux and interplay of color, tempo and density, are governed by an argument much more organic than schematic, with the overall rate of change functioning as a kind of large-scale counterpoint to the local movement.

With each successive work, Carter's language seems to increase in flexibility. The technical devices that at one time occupied much of the outer surface of his music have receded further into the background. In the Concerto for Orchestra, I find, too, that the expressive profile of the music is more clearly delineated than in the immediately preceding works (the 1961 Double Concerto and the 1965 Piano Concerto), perhaps as the result of a conscious effort to hierarchize the characteristic complexity of surface detail: it isn't that there is less going on but that more is subordinated to the fundamental gestures. With further hearings, the reasons for this will doubtless become clearer; already clear enough is the originality and importance of this major addition to the orchestral repertory.

The need for fresh life in the orchestral repertory might well be a logical conclusion on the part of a visitor from twenty years in the past to New York's current concert activity, especially were he attending the Philharmonic's programs. Before the Carter première, Bernstein offered a rather less convincing form of "novelty," by way of turning the concert hall into an opera house. This may be one way to attract an audience (although the opera audience is, by and large, notoriously the least discriminating in town), but the results were of dubious musical value.

The concert version of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with conspicuously stage-frightened members of Juilliard's American Opera Center undertaking some of the most difficult roles in the literature, had no evident justification whatever. The worst possible way to give young singers experience, and a rather left-handed birthday present for poor Beethoven (though probably not the worst indignity he will suffer before the year is out), it further lacked the *raison d'être* of such past Philharmonic ventures into operatic literature as Mitropoulos' memorable performances of *Elektra*, *Wozzeck* and *Arlecchino*—namely, that no other musical organization in town was dealing with such works. Even the Metropolitan Opera has heard of *Fidelio*, and plays it with some regularity (in fact, a new production is scheduled for next season).

And although performances of *Götterdämmerung* are fewer, the Bernstein-Farrell-Thomas version thereof—"An Evening with Siegfried and Brünnhilde" —had little relevance to Wagnerian dramatic or musical ideals; it was merely a potpourri dictated by convenience. It must be added, however, that in the last half-hour or so, Bernstein elicited from the orchestra some of the most sensationally brilliant and disciplined playing I have ever heard in this repertory, its clean bright sound and sharp articulation making the superslick polish of Karajan's Wagner sound dull and heavy by comparison. (An equivalent brilliance of execution was to be heard at the Chicago Symphony's concert early in February, when Georg Solti directed an impressive if occasionally forced reading of Mahler's Fifth Symphony; it was heartening to find that this is still the fabled orchestra of Reiner's days.)

The season's most ludicrous note—to date, anyway—was sounded when the announcement that the Philadelphia Orchestra had recorded Shostakovich's Symphony No. 13—a pretentious piece of musical journalism, whose celebrity stems from its setting of Yevtushenko's *Babi Yar*—was followed by the news that the Carter work would not be recorded by the Philharmonic. Although much was made of the fact that the Shostakovich piece has been banned in Russia, little attention was given to the irony that American "free enterprise" is apparently more interested in disseminating the music of Soviet composers than of American ones. Fortunately, plans were altered at the last moment, and the Carter Concerto was taped two days after the final concert performances (not, however, without foundation underwriting). □

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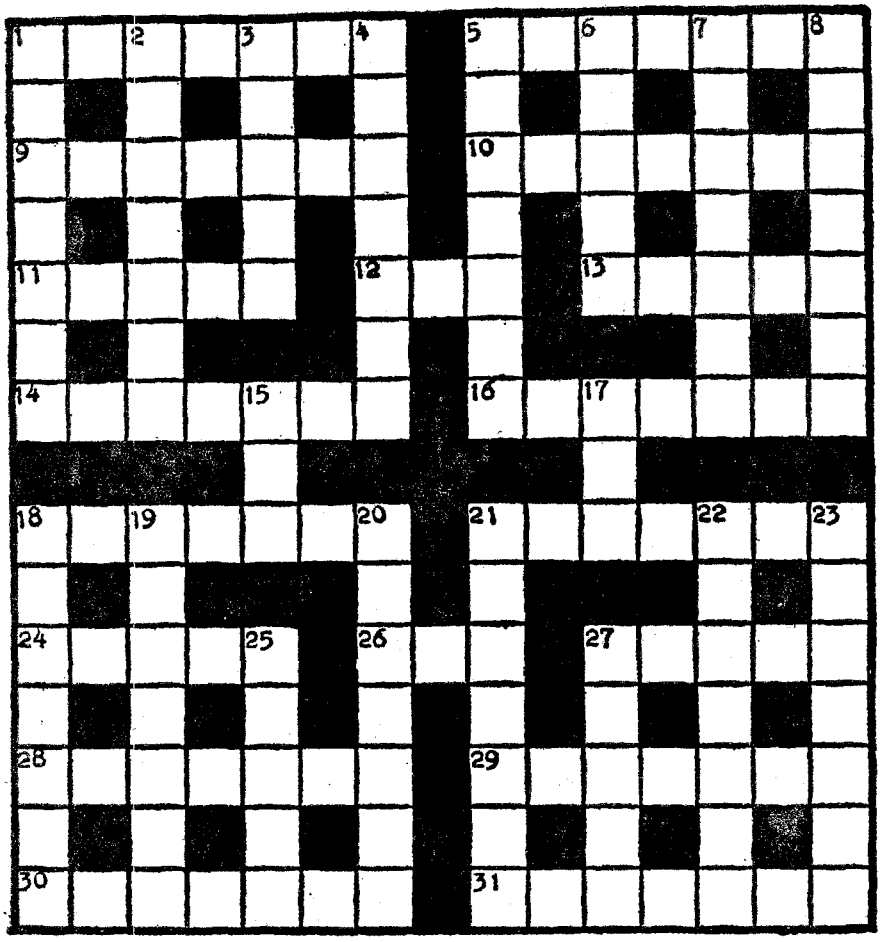

ACROSS

1 See 29 across
5 See 28 across
9 Is it slang to look over what the batter has to do? (7)
10 Fire, however played with in earlier days. (7)
11 See 24 across
12 Able to preserve fire? (3)
13 The more calm aspect of the Russian novel? (5)
14 Alters deceptively those of high degree.
16 Pass around the mineral? It's rather ludicrous! (7)
18 Booth seems to be at home, but not as a regular performer. (5-2)
21 A person gets old, but still copes with the problem. (7)
24 and 11 across They don't suggest the outer channel could have been patched up more frequently some time ago. (5,5)
26 Irritated back, with the complementary portion of the work suggested by 13. (3)
27 See 15 down
28 and 5 across Did Mussolini drain them dry? (7,7)
29 and 1 across Evidently doesn't tip, and altogether shows little clemency. (5,2,7)
30 Put back the remainder with something of mine. (7)
31 Shows strict economy, as one who fiddles sometimes does. (7)

DOWN

1 Looked like Galahad or Ponce de Leon?
2 Still in its early form? (7)
3 Rips from close to 9? (5)
4 Widows find a trace on the way up, in brief. (7)
5 To a degree, descriptive of a boom in the lodge type. (7)
6 In short, sum up what they sometimes do to what might need 11. (5)
7 Each rib could be made to describe some of Adam's followers. (7)
8 Take a good pose, like the poet? (7)
15, 17 and 27 across Reputedly a roller that doesn't stop. (3,3,5)
18 One who can't get a good foothold might still go on foot. (7)
19 The wing's an awkward shade because of them. (7)
20 Presently on the spot, but really not any place in particular. (7)
21 Edge up to one of seven in play, as one might see on reflection. (7)
22 Doesn't hold out a bite to eat, provided you do. (5,2)
23 Shakespeare thought stones provided them. (7)
25 It might be a factor in nothing but a short animal. (5)
27 One might have trouble in keeping such a dog home. (5)

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ACROSS: 1 and 5 Licorice sticks; 10 and 17 Not on your life; 11 Magnesium; 12 Elm tree; 13 Needles; 14 Greens; 15 Audible; 24 Relapse; 26 Midwife; 27 Ill-temper; 28 Least; 29 Encase; 30 Blustery. DOWN: 1 and 23 Landed gentry; 2 Catamaran; 3 and 21 across Run true to form; 4 Combers; 6 and 18 The dead of night; 7 Chill; 8 Semester; 9 Agenda; 16 Barricade; 19 Gophers; 20 Tie-ups; 21 Tumbrel; 22 Fiddles; 25 Lilac.

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